

# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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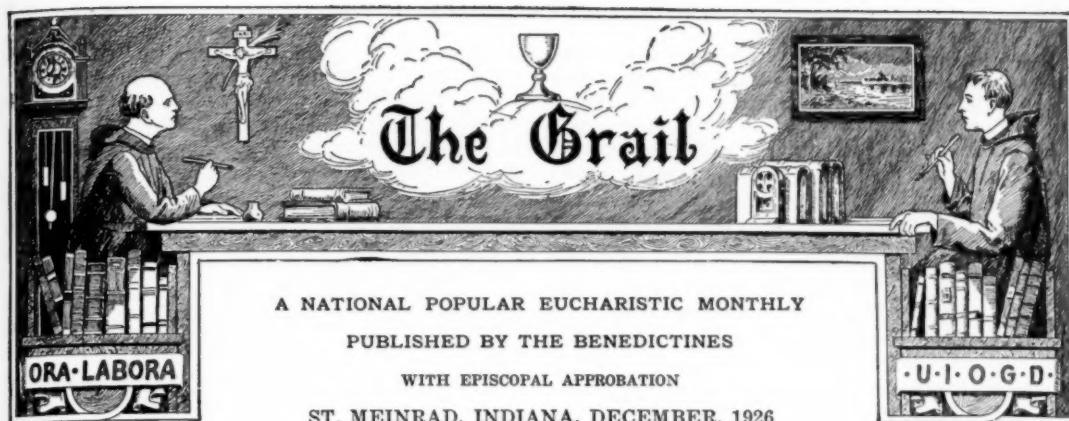
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THIS DAY IS BORN TO YOU A SAVIOR, WHO IS CHRIST THE LORD



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### Merry Christmas!

The spiritual joy that shall be measured out to us on the birthday of the Infant Jesus will depend in no small degree on the previous preparation that we shall have made for the great feast. The Church in her ancient discipline required the faithful to fast and to do penance during the four weeks of Advent. Although this rigid discipline has long since been mitigated, the spirit of penance still remains. This the ordinary Catholic will observe by the violet color of the vestments worn by the priest at the Sunday Mass. The faithful are exhorted to stay away from dances and other purely secular amusements, to practice mortification, and to spend some time in the reading of spiritual books. It is also recommended to be more faithful in reciting one's daily prayers, in attending week-day Mass, and in receiving Holy Communion more frequently. These, with devout prayer, enable us to make giant strides on the path to perfection.

Thus, renewed in spirit, we wait with eagerness and almost impatience for the festival of the Nativity. The church with its dainty crib, the midnight—or early morning—High Mass with its many lights and sacred music, the remembrance of the birth of the Infant Savior at the solemn hour, then His birth in the heart at Holy Communion, all tend to fill one with a happiness not of earth, a happiness that only the devout Catholic can experience. Overflowing with joy, we greet our friends with a cheerful and heartfelt "Merry Christmas!"

### Christmas Gifts

In grateful memory of the coming of the poor Infant Jesus, who had not where to lay His head, but came to give Himself to us without reserve, we are mindful of the poor. Substantial gifts are sent to warm the hearts and bodies of God's poor. Many a cheerless home is gladdened at this holy season. God blesses both those who give and those who receive.

The particular object of the coming of the Savior

was to redeem mankind, to open up unto man the gates of heaven that had been closed against him by sin, to make all men one in Himself. Although many generations have passed since that eventful night when He was born in the stable at Bethlehem, comparatively few have hearkened to the call of faith. By far the great majority are stumbling heedlessly about in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. To bring the light of faith to these unfortunate fellow men of ours, you are urgently invited to join the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The League combines maximum of purpose with simplicity of practice. Union and harmony among all Catholics, the return to Mother Church of all Protestants, the conversion of all non-Christians—that is the grand object of the League. Members of the League are asked to make towards this end a short daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, to receive an occasional Holy Communion, and to attend an occasional Holy Mass. There are no other obligations, no fees, no dues, no collections. Ardent prayer is asked. For certificate of admission apply to the Editor of *THE GRAIL*.

### Absence from the Polls

Many good Catholics, who are devout and faithful and conscientious in the performance of their religious obligations, seem almost to forget that they have a similar duty to perform at the polls. And while they thus sleep in their apparent indifference, the enemy is busily engaged in sowing the cockle of discord, suspicion, and hatred in the hearts of their fellow men. Then appear clouds on the horizon. These gather in heavy storms of hostility such as Knownothingism, A. P. A.-ism, Kukluxism, which break over their unsuspecting heads, and they wonder how it all came about. The persecution now waging in Mexico is a practical example of just such indifference. Vigilance, together with active participation at the polls, is a sacred duty that rests upon us all, if we wish our rights to be respected.

Commenting on the elections of last month, the *Indiana Catholic and Record* says: "Tuesday's vote was the lightest ever cast in Indiana in an important election."

In California an amendment to exempt certain private secondary schools from taxation was placed before the voters. If passed, this would have been beneficial to the Catholic schools in that state. What happened? *The Monitor*, of San Francisco, had strongly urged its readers to vote "Yes." The results of the election show that 9,042 votes were lacking to carry the measure. *The Monitor* says that "many non-Catholics voted 'Yes.' There are at least 60,000 Catholics who could have voted 'yes.' Where were they?"

In a recent address before the convention of the National Council of Catholic Young Men, Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati, said in part, with respect to the obligation of voting: "Catholic men of the entire nation should be impressed with their duty of exercising on all occasions the right of suffrage. The general exercise of this right would give to the expression of your judgments a weight which is not now accorded to them.... America needs us; it needs the Catholic Church; it needs our spirit; it needs our ennobling doctrines; it needs our faith; it needs our discipline more than it needs anything else. We have the riches of the teachings, of the traditions of twenty glorious Christian centuries. We have a distinct part to play in the formation of public opinions. We have an obligation of making reasonable and sustained efforts to get a hearing for our views, and secure, if possible, their acceptance."

### Polls and Press

Not only are many Catholics very negligent about going to the polls to exercise their right and duty as citizens, but they also show great apathy towards the Catholic press. Their neglect of duty at the polls is to be ascribed in great measure, no doubt, to culpable negligence in being properly informed. The Catholic press warns against unfriendly attitudes, harmful principles, dangerous measures, and impending hostile legislation, but if those in whose hands is the power of defeat do not read these warnings, and in consequence remain away from the polls, of what use is a danger signal?

The number of Catholics in the United States, says the *Western Catholic*, is surprising; the number who do not read a Catholic paper is alarming. But ours is not the only country that bears this distinction. There are in England and Wales alone, according to an estimate in the *Universe*, 200,000 Catholic families who never buy a Catholic newspaper.

In a recent address before an assembly of nearly 300 men at Bolton, England, a Miss C. E. Breton claimed that leakage from the Church would be minimized if Catholics would read their papers consistently and thus arm themselves against insidious attacks upon the Faith in secular papers.

The *Western Catholic* is quoted as follows on the value of the Catholic press: "Catholics in Canada and

elsewhere would do well to take the lesson of Mexico to heart and try to put a proper valuation on the work of the Catholic press. If Mexico had had forty or fifty virile Catholic newspapers able and ready to strike when bigots threatened a violation of the Constitution, would Calles do as he has done? Hardly.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and the Catholic press is the ever-vigilant sentinel, on the alert to detect signs of intolerance, ever ready to train its guns on the common enemy.

"Catholic Mexico is paying a sorry price for its neglect of what is the Church's greatest champion and asset—the Catholic press."

### A Want of Logic

There are very few who are wholly logical in their actions. Though man is endowed with the power of reason, and through the exercise of this power may arrive at a very clear understanding of what he should do in a given instance, it does not at all follow that he will do as he should. If action was, of necessity, always in logical conformity with knowledge, then there might have been some truth in the doctrine of the ancient philosophers that knowledge is virtue.

But between the thought and the deed there may be little consistency; and too often is this the case. It is this want of logical action on the part of so many Catholics that makes the face-to-face method in subscription solicitation for our Catholic magazines a necessity.

Our Catholic people who give any thought to the matter at all, know that they should support the Catholic press. But this knowledge of itself, even with the necessary means at hand, seldom leads to their subscribing for a Catholic magazine. Not until the persuasive force of the salesman's solicitation is added to the knowledge of what they should do, will the majority of our people give their support to the Catholic press, and thereby perform what Pope Pius IX spoke of as "the holy duty of every Catholic."

X.

### Advent

KATE AYERS ROBERT

In the silence of the midnight  
While the world is wrapped in sleep,  
Do we see a youthful virgin  
Piously her vigil keep.

She hath heard enchanted signals,  
Well she knows the time draws near  
When, her being filled with rapture,  
Will behold her child, then hear

A voice for which the world is waiting,  
Look into eyes love-lit and blue,  
Press to her heart a new-born Infant!  
With her we'll give Him welcome too!

# The Coming of Little Christy

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

IT WAS Christmas Eve. It was not, however, an ideal Christmas Eve, not the snow-white, frost-glistening Christmas Eve, beloved of poets and novelists, and generally depicted in glowing colors on picture cards and illustrated papers. As a matter of fact, it was the sort of Christmas most prevalent in Green Erin, a green Christmas—the kind that croakers tell us fill the churchyards, but is, nevertheless, very pleasant and very delightful, though, after all, come fine or stormy weather, come hail or snow, or balmy winds or bright sunshine, Christmas is always pleasant and delightful. It brings such happy memories, such joyful meetings, it brings bright faces, glad laughter, kind greetings, good cheer, but above all, and before all, it appeals to everyone of us because it is the birthday of the little Jesus, the Son of God.

In a big, spotlessly clean kitchen, in a comfortable farmhouse at Carrowduff, on either side of a blazing turf fire sat a man and a woman staring into the leaping flames. They were no longer young, and they bore upon their creased and wrinkled faces, and upon their toilworn and knotted hands the marks of strenuous work, of daily, nay, hourly toil.

The man had clean-cut features, and was dark-skinned, dark-eyed, clean-shaven, with a somewhat stern and forbidding expression, his protruding chin and under lip denoting obstinacy and narrow-mindedness. His wife was a cheerful little body, brown-haired, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed. Long practice had made her ever ready with a smile, and the soft word that ever turneth away wrath; and, indeed, if she had not possessed a blithe, contented mind, she would never have survived thirty years of married life with grim Christopher Sheehan. Not only had she survived—she had kept through fair and foul days her unfailing good humor, her cheerful spirits and her confident faith and hope in a guiding and protecting Providence.

She held a long Rosary of horn in her hands, and was telling her beads, fingering them lovingly one by one, and as she finished each Hail Mary, she breathed a name—the name of her absent son—Chris Sheehan.

The man muttered as he caught the name, "You are praying for him,—for the ungrateful—"

She raised her rough brown hand. "It's Christmas time, Christopher," she said gently, "and why for should I not pray for our boy, when—"

"Your boy," he growled. "He's no boy of

mine. I have disowned him, the dirty spaldeen."

"Why should I not pray for him?" she continued, not heeding the interruption, "When the angels are singing peace and goodwill, when Our Blessed Lord—"

Again the man interrupted, this time with brutal insistence: "Stow that, Katey," he thundered, rising from his seat, his face distorted with rage. "Haven't I told you a hundred times not to mention his name—and is it a sermon you are by way of preaching me? It's bad enough to listen to the priest discoursing, let alone to have my wife dinnin' it into my ears."

He stooped over the fire, lifted a sod, shaded it with his hand while he lighted a discolored clay pipe. Then he noisily puffed and blew clouds of grey smoke into the air.

Mrs. Sheehan endeavored to suppress a cough. Thirty years of tobacco-saturated atmosphere had not accustomed her to its heavy odor, it still had power to irritate her throat, bring water to her eyes, and make her cough.

Christopher heard the stifled sound and turned on her furiously: "Botheration to the woman," he vociferated, "one would think it was a fine lady ye were, Katey, instead of a hard-working wench, the wife of a hard-working farmer. What fault do ye find with me smoking?"

"None, Chris dear," his wife answered meekly.

She went over to the polished oak table and proceeded to cover it with a snow-white cloth and to lay cups and saucers and plates. Her husband eyed her in astonishment. "In the name of all that's wonderful," he asked in tones of perplexity, "what for are ye laying the table at nigh eleven o'clock of the night—"

"I'm going to make a cup of tea," she said briefly; as she spoke she lifted the kettle from the hob and poured the boiling water into a brown earthenware teapot.

"But ye don't want four cups and saucers and four plates, do ye?" he questioned with rough hilarity. "Faix, it's dotty ye are getting, Katey my girl. Ye know I wouldn't touch a drop of tea at this hour, and who's to drink out of all them cups, eh—"

"I am getting ready for the Christmas guests," she answered dreamily.

"Christmas guests," he echoed stupidly.

"Yes, Mary, and Chris, and—"

"What in thunder do ye mean? Is it crazy

ye are?" he asked in mingled bewilderment and anger. "Sure they are thousands of miles away in Australia. Leastways that's what I heard ye telling Father O'Grady last time we had a station here."

There was a far-away look in her eyes, the rosary was twisted round her wrist; she raised the cross and kissed it fervently. Then she crooned in a singsong voice:

At night I sit beside the hearth  
And watch the glowing sod;  
I tell my beads and say a name  
That's known to me and God.

"That's surely known to me and God,  
For every night and day  
I call a blessing on the one  
That travels far away.

"That travels far away itself  
To earn a stranger's gold,  
May God's love be a mantle now  
To shield him from the cold.

To one whose heart is hot and young  
The thought of home is dear.  
O Heart of Christ, shield him I love  
And hold him warm and near.

"Be shelter through the long dark night  
Wherever he may be;  
Send thoughts of Ireland through his dreams  
And keep him true to me."

The man gaped. "Sure it's crazy she is entirely," he commented. "Reciting poetry—and—oh, but Katey, asthore, come here and sit beside me, and if I could, I'd make friends with Chris, just to please ye, core of my heart."

Her dull eyes sparkled, her worn face brightened. "Chris—" there was joyful expectancy in her soft voice.

The man shook his head, "I can't, Katey, me dear," he said with finality, "I can't forgive Chris. There's something inside me that won't let me. Oh wisha! wisha! why did he marry that feckless lass—"

"There was nought agin her, save her father lost all his money, and she hadn't a penny," interrupted his wife vehemently. "When they were well to do ye were keen enough on the match, and then when they came to grief ye gave them the go-by and ye wanted Chris to do the same, but he was too honorable, me generous boy—"

"Honorable!" sneered Christopher, and, walking towards the door, he opened it and looked into the darkness.

Nothing disturbed the stillness. It was a calm, moist night; the stars shone with subdued radiance in a sky of darkest blue.

"It will be a soft morning, thank God," said

the woman, leaning over his shoulder, "a wind from the South and no rain. Sure it's wonderful, praise be to God and His Blessed Mother. It's the pleasant walk the neighbors and ourselves will have tomorrow morning going to early Mass."

"Step in and take your tea," ordered her husband gruffly, "or it will be too late for ye to do so. Sure ye are going to Holy Communion, aren't ye?"

"And you, Chris?" she asked wistfully.

The man glared. "It's none of yer business," he spluttered, but under her steady gaze he redened beneath his tanned skin.

At that moment a slender, graceful figure stepped lightly across the grass, and opening the little gate, glided up the short narrow path to the open door of the cottage. She carried something in her arms, and as she crossed the threshold, she dropped the heavy black shawl from her and shoulders, and stood, white-robed, golden-haired, rose-complexioned, holding a golden-haired, rose-complexioned baby close to her heart.

She smiled upon it, and as she smiled, her exquisite face grew expressively tender.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," gasped the man, staring at this lovely vision, open-eyed and open-mouthed.

Katey also gasped for an instant, then a slow smile flickered across her face. "Mary," she whispered softly.

The lovely apparition nodded. "And little Christy," she added, smiling down upon the child in her arms.

"And—" Katey's eyes held an eager and unspoken appeal; again Mary nodded, and pointed in the direction of the hay shed.

Christopher had recovered from his amazement. He came forward, blustering, threatening: "So it's you," he shouted. "You, Mary Moriarty."

"Mary Sheehan," she corrected serenely.

A heavy scowl weighed down the man's shaggy brows. "Don't I know it, worse luck," he growled. "There's no need for ye to throw it in me face, that ye are me son's wife—but I have sworn that ye shall never cross me threshold."

"I have crossed it," she added with a little nervous laugh, and she stooped and kissed the baby in her arms as though the touch of his soft mouth would give her courage.

"I have sworn by the Holy Virgin, the Blessed Mother of God, that you shall never taste bite or sup under my roof," continued Christopher Sheehan, with the quiet intensity of concentrated determination.

Mary flashed a half-indignant, half-scared glance at his stern, set face and frowning brows. She crossed herself, whispered a pray-

er, and then, with mild reproof: "Do not dare, Christopher Sheehan, to mention the blessed name of the Mother of God in connection with your wicked oaths—"

She hesitated, with a quick half-defiant gesture, sat down at a liberally plenished table, and very deliberately poured out a little tea into a cup, milked and sugared it, and finally sipped it, at the same time taking a slice of homemade bread, and endeavored to eat it.

She did succeed in swallowing a mouthful, though she felt it might choke her, for there was a big lump in her throat, and her heart was pulsing and throbbing in a quite amazing way.

Christopher gasped, too stupefied by the audacity of her actions to endeavor to stop her.

She rose, gave a deep sigh, and looking straight into the man's angry eyes, said very quietly, though with a touch of suppressed triumph: "I have eaten and drunk under your roof, Christopher Sheehan, and I wish my boy—your grandson—to eat and drink. He is nearly a year old, and he is hungry and thirsty, and, oh, so heavy. I can't hold and at the same time boil the milk and crumb the bread for him."

She thrust the baby towards the astonished man.

Involuntarily Christopher held out his arms, and little Christy leaped into them. He twined his soft chubby arms round his grandfather's thick neck; he pressed his dewy mouth against his grandfather's rugged face; he said in a clear voice: "Chris."

He had often heard his mother call his father by that name. He had heard it oftener than any other word, and thus, in some mysterious way, he lisped it at the crucial moment.

"Chris."

Christopher Sheehan held little Christy close to his wildly beating heart. To hear his own name thus strangely uttered by his grandson touched some chord in his nature. Baby's fingers and a baby's voice pressed all the anger and badness out of that heart. He had said something which prevented him from forgiving his son, but that son's son, by the potent spell of one spoken word, destroyed the something once and for ever.

"Chris," cooed the clear voice.

Christopher kissed the soft mouth, and from that moment his love for little Christy was more than his love for anyone else on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Christmas morning four radiantly happy people knelt side by side in the chapel of Carraduff. Side by side, Christopher Sheehan and Katey, Chris and Mary, adored the Divine Majesty; side by side they breathed the air that was indeed the air of Paradise.

"Glory be to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

## The Power of the Cross

HILTON HOWELL JONES

ONCE I had a friend—sincere and true—a Jew. The thought that he was not a Christian troubled me, and I offered one evening to lend him a New Testament, asking him to read the story of the Cross. I am told that next morning when he failed to come to his breakfast, his family were alarmed. Knocking on his door, they found him still reading.

I do not know how true that is, but I do know that after a little while he came to me and told me that he believed in Christ. His Father, an Orthodox Jew, threatened to disinherit him, but he was firm in his new faith and became a Christian, choosing the Roman Catholic Faith.

It is my opinion that there would be many more Christians and fewer Jews, if it were possible for the New Testament to be placed in their hands, with the most beautiful and saddest of stories that the world has ever known, the death upon the Cross of the Blessed Nazarene.

Blessed and praised every moment be the most holy and divine Sacrament. (Indulgence of 100 days once a day, plenary once a month).

Communicate often and your soul will become all beautiful and good and pure by means of the beauty and goodness and purity of this divine Sacrament.—St. Francis de Sales.

## A Christmas Hymn

JOHN P. MULLEN

Sweet is this hour to Thee, O Lord,  
O doubly sweet to Thee;  
A thousand angel voices sing  
Of Thy Nativity.

On earth men hail Thee King today  
And mark the humble place  
Where first a star's pure, holy light  
Was rivaled by Thy face.

Men bring Thee gifts of myrrh today,  
And gold of meekest love;  
With prayer and song they worship Thee,  
O Living Lord above.

Sweet is this hour to me, O Lord,  
Of every rank and mind,  
Who seek, with myrrh and prayer, Thy gift  
Of peace to all mankind.

And sweet this hour to me, dear Lord,  
Though mute I stand apart.  
I bring no gift of gold and myrrh—  
I bring a trembling heart.

# The Mammon of Iniquity

*Christmas Gifts and Christmas Graces—Charity and Grace*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

**C**HRISTMAS Gift, Father!" exclaimed Mr. Diester triumphantly when he met Father Gilbert.

"Thank you, Mr. Diester. Your greeting recalls an axiom that our professor in Latin used to quote: 'Nemo dat quod non habet.'"

"Oh, even with my little, high-school Latin I can get the sense of that: 'No one gives away what he hasn't got.'"

"Fine! I should give you one hundred per cent for that recitation. Now that saying covers my case. I think I can vary it so it will apply to you, too."

"In what way?"

"Dives dare debet quia habet."

"That's not difficult either: 'A rich man ought to give because he's got it.' Thank you, Father, for the compliment of putting me among the rich. I really came to give you my Christmas donation for the orphans."

"I appreciate your generosity all the more now. But you say 'Christmas donation'? Do you know what the word 'Christmas' signifies?"

"Can't say that I do."

"It is evidently composed of 'Christ' and 'Mass.' By the way, were you at Christ's Mass on this Christ-Mass day?"

"Father, you are tearing the old sore open again. You know that I haven't time. My business is so extensive that it leaves me no spare moment. Some day I will come back to Church."

"The Lord alone knows when that 'some day' will be. I actually believe that if you ever return it will be due to the grace implored for you by your friends, especially the orphans. So, by all means, keep up your Christmas donations. Your Christmas charity will not be without its reward. This reminds me of a similar occurrence."

"I should be glad to hear it, Father. It may be of some service to me."

"The fact was this: 'Mr. Tenuph was the rich proprietor of a large factory. His plant had the appearance of a veritable beehive and sounded like a charivari. Everything bespoke thrift. As to Mr. Tenuph, whilst he was not a wordy man, he had a generous heart. He had come from a poor family, but with persevering energy and frugality he had climbed by the industrial ladder and had accumulated a considerable fortune.'

"Only one thing was lacking—faith. With an elementary education he was thrown into the arena of life, and whilst he widened and deepened his technical knowledge his heart was made to suffer. In fact, in his feverish quest after transitory things, he soon forgot the only thing necessary. Indifferent and anticlerical associates exercised so much influence over him that he was far from being a practicing Catholic. Sacraments and prayer no longer had any attraction for him."

"Christmas was in sight once more. Mr. Tenuph, so rich and yet so poor, now broken by age and exertion, lay sick in his palatial residence. He was far from being happy in spite

of his wealth. Many a time had he begrimed his poor employees their good cheer and the appetite with which they ate their frugal meal out of tin dinner pails in the mess hall. They had something of which he could not boast. His depression, spiritual abandonment, and disconsolateness became more and more pronounced day by day. It is true he had good and loyal servants, but not one dared to speak to him about Mass, Eucharist, confession, and prayer."

"On this Christmas eve as on all former ones he had a generous bonus ready for each in-



HEAVEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

dividual in his service. Everyone understood the meaning of the second envelope that was clasped to the ordinary pay envelope. If he himself could not be happy, he wanted all his laborers and their families to enjoy life to their heart's content. He didn't know that he was giving less to his workmen than they gave him.

"Absorbed in worry and dread, he lay for a long time sleepless until he sank into a slumber. A strange dream came upon him. He saw before him his lowly, simple, but pious and faithful parents; he imagined himself back in the intimate circle of his family; he recalled how they were all so extremely happy on Christmas morning; what joy it was to go to early service before the break of day; how full of devotion they were when they knelt side by side at the Communion railing to receive the Christ Child and offer Him a place in the inn of their hearts; how they were thrilled both in their modest home in spite of its poverty and in the church with its beautiful decorations; they regretted that there was but one Christmas day a year.

"But that time had past; parents, brothers, and sisters were gone; youth had vanished; the faith of childhood had died a sad death. He awoke and looked about. He saw not the little modest home of the past but splendid furniture, silk hangings, wealth and luxury on every side, whilst in his heart all was void and empty. He fell asleep a second time. The dream was of a different character. The precious, worldly but little edifying paintings on the walls were replaced by a large copper plaque representing Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. There was a large table covered with an immaculately white table cloth; there were a beautiful silver crucifix and candlesticks bearing lit wax candles; there were bouquets of carnations, lilies, and roses; there was a rich background of delightful ferns. Beside the table there knelt his faithful servants and through the open door he heard the little bell usually carried by the priest's attendant on his way to the sick.

"He awoke a second time. Was it still only a dream? Yes, but not, a deceptive one. The Christ Child had sent His invisible angel to prepare the poor rich man's heart for better things. Mr. Tenuph pressed the button at the head of his bed. When the servant arrived, he bade him to summon the priest immediately. 'Give him my friendly greeting and beg him to administer the sacraments to me,' he said. The servant could hardly believe his senses at first. No less was the astonishment of the aged pastor. Both hastened to the bedside of the unfortunate man and soon the second dream became a reality. With the bright rays of the morning Christmas sun the splendor of that other Sun—the Christ Child—entered the chamber and the heart of Mr. Tenuph. After

a lapse of many years he was privileged once more to celebrate Christmas in a spirit of genuine happiness. It was his last Christmas on earth.

"How is this to be explained? His great charity, especially at Christmas time, had inspired his employees to keep on storming heaven for the conversion of their otherwise sensible and good master. Thus the Christ Child again proved that it could not be outdone in generosity. The many prayers, Communions, and Masses of the poor laborers made him a partaker of the Holy Eucharist. The now happy man learned his lesson well and his whole fortune was bequeathed to his benefactors, the poor, and to the various asylums and pious institutions.

"Such is the story of Mr. Tenuph's life. If I cannot induce you to receive the sacraments as he did, I want to urge you at least to continue your Christmas charity."

Mr. Diester thought that he was still a young man and could defer the matter to a later day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas made its circuit once more. Once more Mr. Diester appeared with his check for the orphans. Again Father Gilbert endeavored to lead him to Holy Communion and whispered a prayer for light and strength. But the same old evasion on the same old pretext: "no time."

Father Gilbert, looking him straight in the face, began to plead anew: "Mr. Diester, do you remember the life of Mr. Tenuph as I painted it to you last Christmas?"

"I do, Father."

"Now I am going to tell you an incident of Bishop Thomas Grant of Southwark (south London). It was on Christmas eve, 1865, that the Bishop returned from the diocesan orphan asylum. The night was bitter cold and snow and ice covered the ground. The coachman, about half frozen, clapped his hands and struck his arms so as to get the numbness out of them. The good Bishop watched him a while and pitied him in his uncomfortable position. But the Bishop's pity embraced also the soul of the poor man.

"He wondered whether or not the soul of the driver might not be as chilled as the blood that ran in his veins. Opening the small sliding window in the front of the coach the prelate addressed a few words of sympathy to his companion. Soon he had all the desired information. The man was a son of Erin and should have been a Catholic. But deficient instruction in youth and the rough lot into which life had cast him had proved too much of a test for him. It is true he still had faith but in his life he had ceased to practice it.

"So the Bishop, assuming a very affectionate tone, said: 'Say, you'll begin a new life on this

Christmas day won't you? Promise me like a good son that you will approach the sacraments before the end of this week."

"Shure, Your Lordship," answered the man, "there is nothing I would rather do than this if I only had the time. But shure I haven't a minute to meself. There is always something to be done with the horses. If I am not on the shtrat with them, I feed and curry them in the shtable."

"Certainly," assented the Bishop, "I believe you readily that such is the case. But where the will is good, the Almighty opens the way. Hold your horses a minute."

"The coachman did as he was bidden to do, but before he knew it the Bishop sat beside him on the coach box.

"Then, linking his arm with that of his companion, he said most lovingly! 'See how good God is. You couldn't come to the priest so God has sent the priest to you. Come on now, let's begin to make a good, sincere confession. We have enough time and nothing will disturb us."

"With the docility of a child the man from the Emerald Isle made the sign of the cross and did all that was required of him. The two drove on towards London. The stillness of the night was broken only by the rattling of the vehicle and the solemn dialogue. The somewhat rau-  
cous tone of the penitent alternated with the softer speech of the confessor. Surely this was a sight at which the angels marvelled once more as of yore over the plains of Bethlehem. The next morning, Christmas morning, the coachman was found at the Communion railing. It was he who with tears of gratitude revealed this memorable ride after the good Bishop's death."

"A memorable ride that was indeed."

"Very well. Now follow the example of this docile coachman. I quote the Bishop to you: 'Come, let's make a good confession. We have time and nothing will disturb us.'"

"Oh, Father, not this evening. I will come some other time."

"No, just this evening. There is no one in church now. I can easily hear your confession and you can receive, day after tomorrow, on Christmas day."

"Father, I must at least hunt my old prayer book. I cannot get along without it. I will come back afterwards."

"Again, no! You will not come back after you hunt your prayer book. If you need one, I can furnish you with one."

Willy-nilly, Mr. Diester had to yield, and, taking the book Father Gilbert offered him, he went to the church. The priest heard his confession and on Christmas morning Mr. Diester startled many a friend by his presence at the Communion railing.

One communicant thought she noticed near

her the outlines of the face of a person in whom she was much interested. But no, she knew it was all a mistake and looking no more, she cast the thought aside as a distraction. After returning to her pew she pleaded with our Eucharistic Lord for the return to the sacraments of one soul in particular. Somehow or other she felt that her prayer would not be rejected. On this morning she prolonged her thanksgiving. As she genuflected and turned to the door she saw ahead of her the figure of the same person. She wondered whether or not she was haunted.

But no, after their exit, before the door, the figure turned and said: "Christmas gift, Helen." Seeing her surprise he continued: "Fear not, it is I."

"Oh, John, my prayer is heard."

"Christmas gift!" Mr. Diester repeated. She understood and gave him her hand. The clasp said the rest.

### Pensee

NELL MORETTI

Long, long ago a baby slept  
Within a manger; while shepherds kept  
Their lonely vigil, far away,  
After the labor of the day.

A carol sweet by angels sung;  
A glorious star o'er the shepherds hung,  
To guide them to the Holy Child,  
Across bleak plains and mountains wild.

And gifts they brought with love sincere  
To lavish on this babe so dear,  
Who was to be the hope of life,  
And sooth all sorrows, pain and stife.

### To Our Lady of Bethlehem Town

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Sing, Lady Mary,  
Sing to your Son;  
Sing Him a song  
Of sweet benison.

Whisper to Him  
Of your love that will stay,  
Of your love that will never  
Tarnish, decay.

Tell Him that you  
Will ever be near....  
(Ah, do not let fall  
That gathered tear.)

Sing, Lady Mary,  
Sing to your Son,  
After all sorrow  
Peacetime is won.

## The Christmas Crib

FLORENCE GILMORE

LOVE of Our Saviour makes dear to all Christians every spot and every object in any way connected with His earthly life. The localities in Palestine which knew His footsteps and echoed to the sound of His voice were places of pilgrimage even throughout the long ages when travel meant inevitable hardship, danger, and possible death. Little dried flowers from the fields of the Holy Land are treasured because He spoke of them, bits of wood from the Mount of Olives because beneath its trees He agonized for love of us. Relics of the Passion, to the smallest splinters of the Cross, have always been treasures above price which popes and kings longed to possess and lovingly encased in gold and silver; and only less precious than they is the Crib in which the Child Jesus lay in the stable of Bethlehem. Nothing else symbolizes so well the helplessness and poverty of the Infant King who came to redeem His people.

St. Justin, who was martyred in the year 165, referred to the stable as "a cave near Bethlehem"; and fifty years later Origen spoke of it as "the grotto at Bethlehem in which Christ was born." Such limestone caves or grottoes are not rare in the hillsides of the neighborhood, and of old they were frequently used to shelter cattle. The mangers were usually made of the same soft limestone, so it is probable that the Crib was a stone trough filled with straw.

From the early days of Christianity the stable and the Crib were venerated. St. Helena converted the grotto into a chapel and richly adorned it, and Constantine, her son, built the first basilica over the spot. War, the inevitable ravages of time, and many restorations have made great changes in both the cave and the church above it; but the exact spot where Christ was born is marked by a star cut out of stone, encircled by a Latin inscription that means: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Nearby is preserved the manger in which, so tradition holds, the Child was laid on the first Christmas night.

Precious relics of the Crib are treasured in St. Mary Major's at Rome. They were carried thither in the seventh century by Pope Theodore, himself a native of Palestine, who understood only too well that nothing was so sacred as to be safe there from plunder at the ruthless hands of the Mussulman. The relics consist of five pieces of board—the wood of a kind of sycamore that is common in the Holy Land. Two of them stood upright to form an

X, the other three rested upon them, and evidently were supported by a lost sixth board which fitted into the upper angle of the X. These formed a base for the stone Crib. In 1830 the Duchess of Villa Hermosa gave a beautiful reliquary to encase the precious boards, which on every Christmas Eve are solemnly exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

Love of the Crib began with our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, and was more or less ardently shared by Christians of every age; but it was St. Francis of Assisi who gave to the devotion a form that popularized and intensified it for all time.

When he visited Rome in 1223, he told Pope Honorius III that a plan very dear to his heart was the making of the scenic representation of the Nativity. The Pope was interested at once, and gave the project his hearty approval. On leaving the Eternal City, St. Francis set out for Greccio, and reached it on Christmas Eve. Cajoling a friend to help him, he set to work at once, made a Crib, and grouped about it figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the shepherds, the ass, and the ox.

A few hours after the Crib was finished St. Francis was deacon at midnight Mass; and an old legend tells that having sung the words of the Gospel, "and they laid Him in a manger," the Saint knelt to meditate for a few moments on the mystery of the Incarnation. Instantly there appeared in his arms a lovely Babe surrounded by a brilliant light. The great artist, Giotto, pictured the scene, and his painting is now one of the priceless treasures of the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi.

Since that blessed Christmas morning, more than seven hundred years ago, the Crib has been, in many lands, a much loved part of the Christmas celebration. Here, in the United States, almost every church has one, and they are not infrequently seen in truly Catholic homes. In Spain, where Christmas trees are unknown, every family has its *nacimiento*, as it is called: a plaster group, with the Infant in a manger, and His Mother, St. Joseph, and the shepherds kneeling or standing nearby. The whole is lighted by many candles, and the children sing and dance before it.

In certain districts of France children go into the woods some days before Christmas, and gather laurel, holly, and lichens to build into a Crib. They use stones to represent hills, and flour as a substitute for snow; and on Christ-

mas day they burn tri-colored candles before it in honor of the Blessed Trinity.

In connection with Christmas Cribs a strange custom prevails at Marseilles, France. Every year a big fair is held for the sale of statuettes, and all the profits are used to buy Cribs for churches and institutions too poor to afford anything that is not strictly of necessity. Each statuette represents a well known saint, but hidden within it there is a wax bust of some contemporaneous celebrity. Garibaldi and Cavour, as well as the Holy Father, the President of France, and Queen Victoria, are among the prominent persons whose images have been concealed within these quaint statues of popular saints.

The most beautiful and most famous of all Christmas Cribs is in the old Franciscan church of the Ara Coeli at Rome. The Romans love it, and all strangers go to see it, as the most attractive spectacle which the city offers between the twenty-fifth of December and the sixth of January.

It fills a whole side chapel from which all daylight is excluded. A soft artificial light is thrown upon the scene through openings in the silvery clouds above it. Princesses and noble ladies have lavished their jewels upon this wonderful Crib. Superb diamonds hang from our Blessed Mother's ears; the Divine Infant wears a white dress which is literally encrusted with precious stones.

Our Blessed Mother is seated, St. Joseph stands at her side, and the Child rests, not in a manger, but upon her knee. Shepherds and kings kneel in adoration, and the ox and the ass stand close by. The background is beautiful and is proportioned with marvellous skill. It represents a lovely rural landscape with hills and rocks and trees. There are rugged shepherds carved in wood, who tend snow-white sheep of real wool, and women, apparently passing on their accustomed, daily way, with baskets of oranges or other fruits upon their heads. The nearer figures are life-size.

The Bambino for this Crib in the Ara Coeli was brought from the Holy Land and is made of wood from trees that grew on the Mount of Olives. The story goes that a Franciscan pilgrim carved the little figure, and while he slept St. Luke painted it; but neither carving nor painting is particularly well done.

After Mass, on the Feast of the Epiphany, the celebrant takes the Child from His Mother's arms and carries Him to the entrance of the church. From the top of the steps he then blesses the crowd that has assembled there to await the familiar ceremony. After that the Crib is dismantled and hidden away until another Christmas is close at hand.

Marvellous cures are said to have been

wrought by Our Lord through the agency of this old and beloved Bambino. It is sometimes carried to the sick in a tan-colored coach, under the care of two Franciscan friars, and in the days when faith was more fervent and more simple in Rome all the people knelt to see it pass.

Comparatively few famous paintings of the Nativity picture the Infant Jesus in His Crib. Murillo depicted the first Christmas night with the Child reposing in a box filled with straw—a picture made for the Capuchin church in Seville, which is now in the museum there. Rembrandt painted the Christmas story with the Infant lying in a cradle, the Blessed Virgin sitting near Him, and St. Joseph standing reverently at her side. Nearby, he placed not only kneeling, awed shepherds, but a woman with a little child, a man holding a lantern, and a boy with his dog. Some cattle are to be seen in the background. Tisio Benvenuti laid the Divine Babe in a wooden, straw-filled manger; and there is a lovely Van Dyke in which the Child sleeps sweetly on His Mother's lap, with a wooden manger close at hand. Other artists—many of them—pictured the Babe on the floor or the ground, with a cushion, some straw, or a folded mantle beneath Him. But whether it was the visit of the shepherds or the adoration of the Magi that the artists wished to depict, by far the greater number of them placed the Infant Jesus on His Mother's knee, where Catholics love best to find Him, where, undoubtedly, He loved best to be.

The Holy Eucharist is at once refreshment and rest to our souls.

### The Music of the Spheres

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

The stars looked down on Mary,  
Smiling in their flight,  
Nor since they gazed on Eden  
Saw they so fair a sight.

She shone without a blemish  
Or any spot of sin,—  
Then gazed they on the infant  
That lay her arms within.

They peered into the stable,  
Nor could believe their eyes,  
The little baby sleeping  
Was Master of the skies.

O tender helpless Christ Child—  
Their eyes fill quick with tears,  
They dropped, and in their falling  
Was the music of the spheres.

# The Legend of the Candle Light

A. K. O. S. B.

**Y**OU ask why those twelve candles on the altar—six to the right, six to the left, of the lily-vested, monstranced Jesus—stand like surpliced acolytes, and have eyes as bright as the midnight stars?

List! In the time of smiling innocence of this creation, when night was but the sleep of day, and day was but the night's activity, God would descend from heaven, a-thinking thoughts of love and dispensing creative benedictions.

And as He passed by suns and stars, ethereal music rilled, as when crystals clear, suspended in the air, are fondled by the Zephyr. They made ready in glad array to be His processional company. He blessed them for their cheerful service; yet bade them keep their stations.

Then each celestial light begged the privilege of sending at least a ray to accompany the Light Eternal on Its excursion of love. This granted, all the rays brightened with joy and, like the laughter of merry children, rippled after Him, so that one would think a spray of gold and diamond dust scintillated from the flowing cloak of God.

Now, when His velvet step caressed the earth, it left as largesse godly, sweet perfume; and lo! from out each warm and fond caress sprang a flower to mark the foot's impress: the queenly rose—at its own beauty blushing, the lily fair—too modest its own charms to know, the violet and forget-me-not and—oh, so many more—His path a garland seemed. But scarcely had each flower raised its head, when it eagerly bent forward to kiss the parting foot; and then, with draughts ecstatic, it breathed in deep the perfume that lingered as a token of God's gracious presence.

As the iridescent rays rapidly rippled along in God's sacred path, they were so charmed by the blooming children of His footsteps that at each flower some stopped to kiss in blissful abandon the lips that had touched the Heavenly Gardener's foot. And when they cented the sweet memory of God's presence—now carefully cherished in the hearts of the flowers—they gently glided in to do it honor as tiny vigil lights.

When God had thus enriched the globe and was intent upon returning to His heaven, He, as thoughtful of the tiniest speck of dust as of the worlds unbounded, turned to give His parting benediction. He would reward these faithful rays that had made themselves prisoners of love to His memory: He would come again to earth, but then to stay in sweet, mysterious way; He would then free them and give them a place of honor at His side.—At this thought He cupped both hands, placing the one above the other, as when we playfully conceal a gift from expectant children to make them long the more; and when He opened them, there buzzed forth a swarm of bees so gently as though the song asleep in angel's harp were dreaming a new Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

Now, when God saw that all was good and happy, the joy of beneficent love made radiant His form, and He, like an evening cloud of vaporized gold and silver, in majesty, so kind, so calm, ascended into heaven.

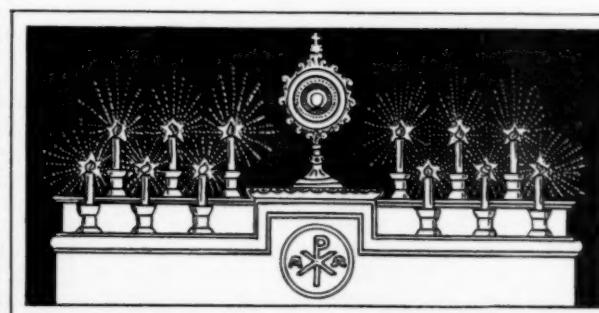
The bees, made to quest sweetness, were quickly attracted by the flowers. These nodded them welcome, invited them in, and set before them most delicious nectar, compounded of heaven-distilled morning dew, of the godly fragrance the flowers had inhaled, and of the faithful rays. These bright-armored sentinels, seeing that some of the heavenly sweetness and fragrance at which they had kept their loving vigil was to be taken away, would not part with it.

The bees, God's little alchemists, drank to their hearts' content what was generously offered them, and busily set about to change it into honey and wax.

\* \* \* \*

Ages glided by with the ease of days. But what a change in God's fair work! Sin had made the night but the lair of day, and the day but the battle ground of night.

Yet in this hapless world there still remained the heart of paradise: one little yard, and in that yard one



little house, and in that house a few little rooms—one, two, three; all so simple and so poor, yet all so neat and so peaceful one would have thought that angels had here tried to show how much they could do with so little. And in that house there lived two virgins—two perennial lilies side by side: the ever Blessed Mary and Saint Joseph. And whilst Mary did the household work, a-singing hymns and psalms the while she worked, Joseph toiled at his carpenter bench, harmoniously humming a second; for they both were poor but happy. And in the midst of this heart of paradise was the living Fountain of all this heavenly delight.

The fullness of the times had arrived in which God had proposed to come again to earth and for all time to stay with the children of men in that sweet mysterious manner promised. And He had come again, this time as a lovely child, as lovely as a young sunlit day in May,—again a-thinking thoughts of love and dispensing creative benedictions, and again leaving everywhere the godly sweet perfume of His divine presence.

However, no longer did flowers of a day or a season sprout from underneath His tread, but rather, wherever He appeared did lasting virtues blossom forth and thrive: glowing love of God, pearly purity, trusting humility, and celestial hope—like the stars in the evening sky: one here, one there, one everywhere.

Day after day were Mary and Joseph a fruitful field for His loving contact; day after day did they drink in the fragrance of His presence; day after day did they live heaven on earth.

Thus eleven years of this communing of the purest of the pure had passed by with time as unnoticed as the time of an hour of perfect happiness.

And now it was the twelfth return of the birthday of the Savior, the twelfth return of Christmas for Mary and Joseph.—With the chosen people this day was of sacred significance: now was the child in the eyes of the law “of age”; next paschaltide He would with His elders enter the portals of the Holy City, with heart enlarged, chanting with them: “I rejoiced in the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.”

Mary and Joseph, in thoughtful but humble way,—for they were poor—made ready befittingly to mark the day. The sun had scarcely espied Him at prayer in His room that morning, when Joseph sent Him to the mountain house of some near relatives who with loving insistence had requested that He come and by His presence bless their home.—Even though Mary and Joseph knew they could not keep from His all-knowing mind the home secret of their loving hearts’ intent, yet would they not deprive His childlike eye of the joy of their humble surprise.

In the house a special flower here, and there a special plant, but love and happiness everywhere.—Angels came unseen; and though they did not find the wonted object of their innocent inquisitiveness, yet did they feel at home. Mary moved calmly about the hearth, thinking of Him; Joseph worked at his bench, thinking of Him. Strange that the day was so long! Why do the shadows move eastward so slowly?—Joseph went to purchase twelve small candles: “Of the purest wax of virgin bee must these twelve candles moulded be, because they are for Him.”

Before he re-entered the house, he shaded his eyes and looked toward the mountains: he scanned the path from near to far. Mary, ever-recalled Mary, so often found herself looking out of the little window toward the mountains: “How steep the path! How wearying the walk must be!”

Joseph showed Mary the twelve candles he had purchased: “As slender and as delicate as His fingers; like alabaster tubes guarding a flame within.” But whence would they have twelve candlesticks? They were so poor!—Twelve empty spools the Virgin had—mute testimony of her diligence and skill. These Joseph at his bench fitted for the candles: they knew He’d understand, for He loved the love of poverty.

Suddenly both turned toward the door: that step made their hearts leap with joy. As Mary reached the door, His voice, like the sound of a flute across the evening lake, greeted their delighted ear: “Peace be to you.”—Although sombre-veiled evening was wearily plodding her way up from the valley, yet did the sun seem now to be just beginning to shine in the house. How quickly the reappearing Sun arched the secret tear drops of the day’s separation into a rainbow of placid joy!

The greeting over, He looked at the delicate decoration in the room, then looked at Joseph, then at His mother,—His grateful heart was in His look.

The table meanwhile being arranged, they sat down to the frugal meal.—How quickly it approached the end! His words made them forgetful of all time.

Mary arose and went to the hearth; then she turned again toward the table, on her face a virgin mother’s smile, and in her hands a honey cake resting in a wreath of lilies and roses that she had twined—sweetness imbedded in beauty and presented by love. She turned again and brought six of the candles; she placed them one by one around half of the wreath: “One, two, three, four, five, six.” She turned again and fetched the other six to complete the circle: “Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven”—the last she held concealed in the folds of her veil. Yes, He

must have the honor of declaring Himself of age. "Eleven?" she said again in innocent playfulness, as her eyes met His in happy expectation. "Twelve," He added gently, as she drew the last from the folds of her veil to place it right before Him. And as He spoke the word, He pointed to the candle, touching its top with His finger, when lo! the wax-imprisoned rays jubilantly burst into flame in the darkening room, as though an inquisitive tiny star had glided in through the window and perched there on the candle, twinkling bright at Him.

But Mary, as she looked into His eyes and there beheld her image in His pupil—a virgin dewdrop on a radiant diamond—was too enraptured to observe aught else: her lips were mute; her soul seemed to rest in His; there did she pour forth her thoughts of the day, and there did He speak to her. "My beloved to me, and I to Him!"

Meanwhile, Joseph lighted all the other candles with the one that Jesus had lighted. All the rays were as jubilant as when first they had left the suns and stars to do honor to God on earth; and with most mellow gleam these twelve starlets rejoiced to snatch from darkness such heavenly scene.

Suddenly Mary, coming out of her ecstasy, burst into tears—tears of unbounded happiness, and rapt with blissful impulse of her divine motherhood, leaned forward and kissed His brow: "My son!"—"My mother!"—Joseph, humble Joseph, reverently took the right hand of Jesus into his own and stooped to kiss it, whilst his left hand casually passed across his eyes.

Thus blissfully occupied in spiritual repast, Mary and Joseph had quite forgotten that this birthday supper was not yet completed. But Jesus—never was their son more thoughtful—would honor His mother also in this. He blessed the honey cake, broke off three pieces, gave one to Mary, one to Joseph, and kept one in His own hands. As to the rest, He begged of Joseph that next day it be given to the poor.

When they all with gladsome heart had given thanks to the Father in heaven—blessed be His Holy Name—Jesus cast a grateful look upon the candles, and blessed them too. The parting blessing He had given to those rays in the morning of creation was in His mind. Today was but an earnest of its fulfilment yet to come. With great longing did He look forward to that moment; were not obedience to the Father law to His love, that love would break down the barrier of time. It was the thought of this fulfilment—to be with men for aye in that sweet mysterious way—that made Him bid His mother to preserve these twelve faithful little sentinels: they were to be His guard of honor at the Supper that His love had planned for the

sustenance and joy of all ages—till time should enter the portals of eternity, chanting: "Praise ye the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

\* \* \* \* \*

The time had come; the hour, which ages had longed to behold; the hour, which ages have rejoiced to behold, was born. Whilst creatures plotted to force the Creator from His creation, His love counterplotted to remain in their midst. That is love divine which, when hated, loves the more: the small flame is extinguished by the wind, the gale but fans the mighty blaze to a greater conflagration.

Jesus had ordered the dining room to be prepared for His great Supper. The very air of the room, into which calm evening had withdrawn for quiet thought, was charged with holy meditation.

The door swung open, as though by angel hand, to bid fair welcome to the Highpriest of the world about to celebrate His first Holy Mass.—Twelve acolytes—the Apostles, six times two, with reverent step, like first communicants, crossed the threshold of that first Eucharistic sanctuary; each held the lighted candle that Mary had in thoughtful remembrance brought from Nazareth. Jesus, vested in the snowy sheen of purity and in the glowing purple of love, followed and proceeded to the center of the table. The Apostles arranged themselves about Him—six to the right, six to the left—and placed their candles before them.

The rays of light first shyly searched the room for the reason of this sweet solemnity: they scrutinized each face—each was turned to Him; they saw the bread in His hands, they saw the chalice before Him; finally they looked upon His features, resplendent with a light they twice before had seen, and then, overawed with sol-

(Continued on page 364)

## No Room in the Inn

NANCY BUCKLEY

No room to give the little Child—  
No room, although the night is wild  
And snow lies white along the street—  
No room, no rest for weary feet.

No shelter here, the door is fast  
And chilly blows the winter blast;  
Saint Joseph finds it vain to plead  
For Mary in her hour of need.

No room inside the inn, they say;  
The travelers go their patient way  
With Mary dreaming of a nest—  
And a small warm head against her breast.

# Eucharistic Memories in Bible Lands

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

## IN THE PLAIN OF THE JORDAN

ON ACCOUNT of the hostile feeling between the Jews and the Samaritans the Jewish pilgrims from Galilee to Jerusalem often avoided the territory of Samaria and turned eastwards to the plain of the Jordan. The latter, called the Ghor, is in some places several miles wide and is not identical with the Jordan valley. The latter winds its tortuous way through the plain, but is much lower, so that the plain cannot be irrigated by the waters of the Jordan; and although its ground is fertile, it produces in most places only grass, which quickly withers after April, owing to the drought and the intense heat in that region, which is enclosed by high mountains and lies, even in its highest portion, about a hundred feet below the level of the sea, and at Jericho quite 1200.

In the upper valley of the Ghor, just south of Lake Genesareth, is the scene of the heroic exploits of the Judge Gedeon, the savior of his people from the hostile Medianites. On account of the idolatry perpetrated by the tribe of Manasses, God had allowed these enemies of Israel to invade the fertile plain of Esdrelon annually at the harvest time, robbing the grain and destroying what they could not take with them. When Israel repented, God sent his angel to Gedeon, commanding him to deliver his people. Gedeon was just threshing some early wheat to save it from the hands of the expected invaders, and he hesitated whether to accept the great and difficult task of liberator. When the angel urged him, he demanded that God should assure him by a miracle that he was going to help him. His manner of preparing himself for this sign is characteristic of his piety: he offered spontaneously the sacrifice of a boiled kid and some unleavened loaves, and when at the direction of the angel he had placed the gifts on a rock and had poured the broth of the kid over them, the angel touched them with the tip of his rod and there arose from the rock a flame which consumed the gifts, whilst the angel disappeared at the same moment. This sign gave Gedeon the courage to destroy the local altar of Baal and the grove in which it stood, and, and after the twofold miracle of the fleece, to lead his 300 picked men to the great victory over the large army of Median.

We notice, as part of his sacrifice, the unleavened bread, which reminds us of the Holy Eucharist. At the same time we see in the Ma-

dianites, robbing and destroying the grain, a type of those enemies of God and His Church, who were, or are, trying to prevent by all means the offering of the most holy sacrifice; in our own times some modern Medianites have for this purpose, but under pretext of the virtue of temperance, attempted to hinder the preparation of sacrificial wine, and thus make holy Mass impossible in our Churches.

The other reminder of the Holy Eucharist we find in the story, which one of the Medianite sentinels told his companion in the hearing of Gedeon, and which gave the latter a clue to his manner of attacking the hostile camp. The Medianite said: "I dreamt a dream, and it seemed to me as if a hearth cake of barley bread rolled, and came into the camp of Median: and when it was come to a tent it struck it, and beat it flat to the ground." His companion gave the dream this interpretation: "This is nothing else but the sword of Gedeon, the son of Joas, a man of Israel; for the Lord has delivered Median, and all their camp into his hands." We see in the barley cake, which is the food of the poorest in Palestine, a symbol of Gedeon, who had described himself as the least member of the meanest family in the tribe of Manasses. But may we not see in it also a type of the small and insignificant-looking Sacred Host? And when it is asked: "But when has It achieved such a wonderful external victory over God's and the Church's enemies, I should like to refer to a statement of the venerable Bishop Hedley in a paper at the Cardiff Congress on the Holy Eucharist. He answered the question, what it was that kept the Church together in the bond of faith and grace during the terrible time of the great western schism, by saying that it was the grace of Holy Communion, which kept the internal union between the divided Catholics, and finally also restored the external bond. Surely that was a grand victory over the hellish Medianites, who fondly thought they could prevail against the Church of Christ, built on the firm rock of the Primacy.

About half way down the Jordan's course, between Lake Genesareth and the Dead Sea, there is the ford where Saint John usually baptized. Here we find the origin of the title "Lamb of God," first pronounced by the Baptist, which we hear in every Holy Mass, whilst the complete quotation: "Behold the Lamb of God, which takes away the sins of the world," sounds in our ears before each Holy Communion, in or-

der to assist us in making fervent acts of faith in the real presence and deep acts of adoration.

Still lower down the river, near the Dead Sea, is the new village of Jericho, and near it are the ruins of the ancient city, recently dug out. Ancient Jericho was well supplied with water, for by the side of its crumbled walls a fairly strong brook, called Elias' well springs out of the level ground. We can understand that when the soil around was well cultivated there was every possibility of growing palm groves here, which made Jericho the famous "palm town"; but now much of the water goes to irrigate a wilderness of thorns, except near the new village. No doubt the scorching summer heat with its unhealthy consequences makes life here unattractive and unpleasant and field work hard and irksome; and for these reasons the neighborhood is nowadays only thinly populated. But at the time when the Israelites under Josue had crossed the Jordan and had come into the plain near Jericho, the country was well cultivated and fertile; and as they were now able on their arrival to eat of the plentiful supply of its various and delicious fruits, God ceased to send any more Mannah. For this reason, the plain of Jericho of that date may be considered as the type of heaven, where we shall have no more need of the Eucharistic Mannah; for when once we see the Son of God face to face in His glory, our spiritual hunger being thereby fully satisfied, we shall have no more need of sacramental nourishment.

Jericho was the home of the converted publican Zachaeus, into whose house Christ invited himself and accepted its hospitality. But Zachaeus received more than he gave; his temporal gifts and services were returned to him more than a thousandfold in the shape of spiritual graces and blessings. Is this not also the case with us when we have the holy sacrifice offered and take part in it either by a real or at least by a spiritual Communion? The same truth is brought before our minds a little later when, ascending the steep grade from Jericho to Jerusalem, we pass the village of Bethany with the ruins of the house of Martha, near the tomb of the revived Lazarus. Here, too, the hosts always received more than they gave to their Divine Master and Guest. And should we not, like Zachaeus, be too shy to offer to our Divine Lord the poor hospitality of our sinful hearts, if He did not give us Himself the gracious call: "*This day I must abide with thee?*"\* — Before we reach Bethany we pass

the halfway house between Jericho and Jerusalem with the only spring on the whole route between Jericho and Mount Olivet. Here there is and always must have been a hostelry, and this has borne for centuries the name of the Good Samaritan. The Samaritan, as St. Gregory points out, is a type of our Lord; for when the Jews called Him a Samaritan and a man possessed by a demon, He protested against the second insult, but silently accepted the first appellation. He is truly a Good Samaritan; for not only did He heal the deadly wounds and bruises of our souls, our sins, by granting us the wine of supernatural sorrow and the oil of the holy sacraments, but he carried us back to the hostelry of His Holy Church, charging its priestly administrators to nurse us back to health by offering for us daily the strengthening Eucharistic food, promising them a generous recompence on the great day of retribution, if they treated us with care.

This long chain of Eucharistic memories on our route from the Lake of Genesareth along the plain of the Jordan and up toward the height of Mount Olivet gives us sufficient reasons to praise and thank our Divine Savior with a fervent: "Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar."

Do you wish to love God sincerely... to maintain in your heart the divine and eternal life of Jesus Christ? Communicate often and regularly.—De Segur.

De we feel real pleasure when we hear the news that another visit to our Friend is soon to be our own, another chance to talk with one we love so deeply?—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

### In Sinu Virginis

S. M. T., O. S. B.

Calm the nights, and slowly passed they,  
Ere the coming of her Son.  
Rapt her vigils, while she hungered  
To behold her Little One.

But, who'd deem those watches silent?  
Music none when Mary prayed?  
Ere the night of holy Christmas  
When her God on straw she laid?

Oft, for long, the little fingers  
Of the God-man softly played  
On the heartstrings of His Mother,  
As she sighed, her joy delayed,

Wak'ning melodies celestial.—  
Had they issued far and wide,  
Sure, all Nature, Earth and Heaven,  
Still were deaf to all beside.

\* NOTE:—Some of the thoughts briefly alluded to in this and the previous articles are more fully treated in the writer's "Fourteen Eucharistic Tridua" for children, which is published by Herder, St. Louis. Price, \$1.00.

# Old Cemeteries in New Orleans

REV. WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

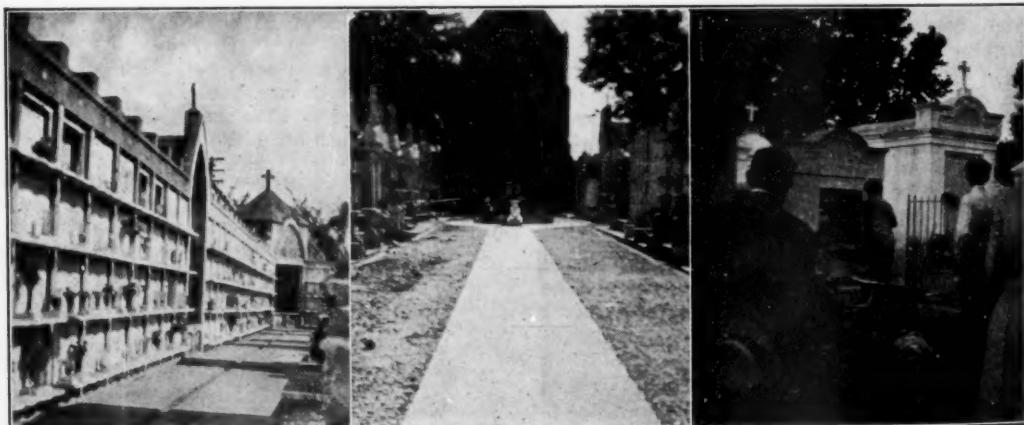
**N**EW ORLEANS is built upon a swamp. Dig down but two feet and you strike an abundance of water. Thus, burial in the ground is not possible, as it would mean a watery grave. The living dislike to entomb their dead in swamp water; rather, then, a tomb for the dead. Accordingly, from the very beginning, the dead were placed in tombs made of marble, rock, or brick, large or small, according to the needs and means of the individual families. The richer class erected, as is still done, beautiful, large marble tombs, with a separate compartment for each body; the middle class built tombs that are less expensive and grand, and in their one compartment several bodies may be heaped, one over the other,—a second coffin placed over the remains of the first, the third over the first and second, and so on; the very poor class of people buy a single hole in the especially constructed walls that completely surround the cemetery, and into this hole the poor man shoves his dead, to rest there as quietly and as peacefully, however, as do the rich in their marble mausoleums.

Each opening, whether in tomb or wall, is, of course, sealed after the burial with a marble or stone slab, upon which is inscribed the data desired. Thus, on one slab, sealing a single compartment tomb, there will be as many inscriptions as there are dead buried behind it; there are moldering coffins and crumbling bones heaped together in the one hole behind the one slab. In these common tombs, therefore, the identity of the individual body is lost as soon as

decay sets in and, in crumbling, bone falls to dust with bone,—father and mother, or brother and sister, heaped together as one body followed the other into the tomb, skull crowding against skull, dust touching dust, and all melting away together in the one sealed enclosure.

Bienville, founder of New Orleans, the capital of the French possessions in America, provided for a cemetery in his plans. The site of this first cemetery, laid out in 1718, is in the rear of the old St. Louis Cathedral. This cemetery was in use for about forty years, when, because of the growth of the city, further burials here became impossible. The second cemetery was some distance from the cathedral and here burials were made until 1788. This second cemetery, as the first, has long since been razed. The growing city haughtily demanded that its tombs be levelled and the dust scattered, that it might build upon the site. The third cemetery to be laid out in the city, in 1788, was called the St. Louis Cemetery No. 1, and this City of the Dead stands today. The oldest inscription decipherable in this cemetery bears the date of 1790.

St. Louis Cemetery No. 1 is the most famous and the most sacred Campo Santo in the city. Here the city's illustrious forbears have slept for 135 years, in rows of tombs. Here sleeps Paul Morphy, the greatest chess player of his time,—then deep in the study of his chess moves, now long and deep in his death sleep. Here, since 1803, sleeps Benedict Pradelle, once an officer in the Revolution under Lafayette.



*"Odd but symmetrical"*

*"Whose chapel shrine dominates this historical Campo Santo"*

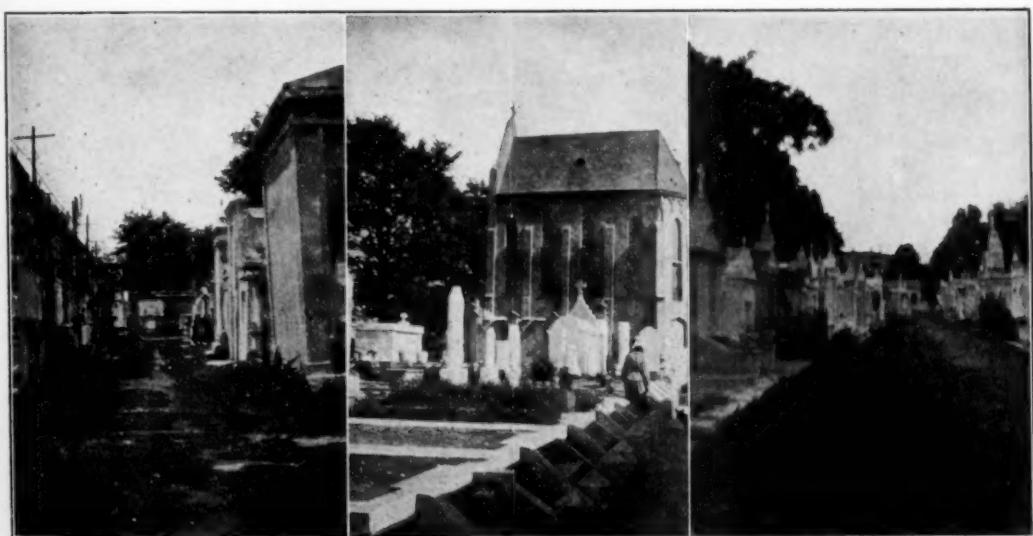
*"Placed over the remains of the first"*

Here, buried in his stone sepulchre, lies Etienne de Bore, who astonished the sugar market of the world when he produced the first granulated sugar. Charles LaSalle slumbers in this old city of the dead, a brother of the illustrious explorer. Here, also, the subtle brain of the founder of the first bank established in the Mississippi Valley finds rest,—Stephen, alone now in his marble enclosure and for these many years away from the counting table, whose fingers once handled much of the gold and silver that swept into the city in the days when the commerce of an empire was going up and down before its river front. Too, royalty is at rest in this old cemetery, for on the slab of an old tomb I read this inscription: "Albert Montecucoli Laderchi, son of Countess Chalmette Montecucoli Laderchi, née Princess Cettigen Wallenstein." I stood gazing upon those high sounding titles and thought of the old splendor of the city in the days of this son. But had he fared well? No, for I read in the pathetic lines that follow the inscription: "This tablet was placed here by a broken-hearted mother, who supplicates in tears all ye who pass this way to kneel and say a prayer for the repose of her son's soul."

Walking along the tomb-lined avenues in this old cemetery one sees too much of the sin of neglect. Tombs are falling apart; tombs are sinking, leaning this way and that, and in vain calling upon the living to strengthen their failing foundations so that they may stand and keep locked within their stony breasts the remains of the city's first dead. I peered into the cracked opening of a crum-

pling tomb and saw therein a skull protruding from a small heap of brick and mortar, its sockless eyes staring at me and crying, it seemed, for a kind hand to hide it from the view of the constant stream of visitors who go laughing by without regard for the dead. In another fallen-in tomb I saw the bone of an arm, from the elbow down. I was sad in seeing that impotent arm sticking out of the ruins, its strength long gone and not a hand near to give it decent rest. When the thoughtful visitor sees so much neglect and so many wrecked tombs, with their integrals bleaching in the sun rays that filter through every growing crack, he is moved to look upon these decaying tombs as a brand of shame upon the brow of forgetful New Orleans.

St. Louis Cemetery No. 2 is a more modern garden. Here the dead sleep in stately tombs that are well kept; they sleep in the midst of marble marquetry and stone. Also, great soldier tombs are found here, 'stories high and strong,' where each body is given a separate and final resting place, hermetically sealed. St. Roch's Cemetery is another very old and most interesting cemetery. Here, as in the other cemeteries, are the endless rows of tombs and the encircling walls, wherein the dead are housed like letters filed away in the pigeon holes of an office desk. Everywhere an array of tombs, some of a most pleasing architecture, crowned with a cross, or with the figure of an angel; high tombs and low tombs; stately marble mausoleums and single brick and mortar tombs; single tombs and tombs large



*"In rows of tombs"*

*St. Roch's Chapel, around which*

*crowd the tombs"*

*"They sleep in the midst of marble*

*marquetry and stone"*

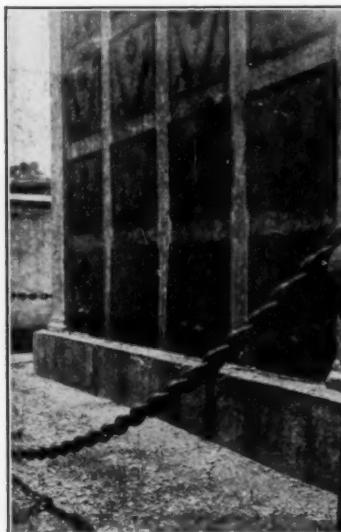
enough to house a dozen dead. The burial walls encircling this cemetery are odd but symmetrical, or ghastly: odd and symmetrical where the single openings have all been put to use and are sealed and adorned with scarlet flowers in crystal vases; but ghastly wherever the burials have been irregular, thus leaving single enclosures open here and there,—dark, forbidding holes waiting for the dead; like a checkered wall, its gleamy face of white slabs punctured here and there by the sockless openings that look so cruel.

What thoughts crowd one here as he walks along the silent avenues and wanders about the side aisles in this temple of the dead, reading the inscriptions. It is here where I found many pathetic epitaphs. At one tomb the sculptured likeness, bust size, of the dead stood before the slab. Two elderly women were discussing as to whether or not the likeness of the dead one was borne out in the features of the sculptured head. This brought to my mind the words of Michelangelo, who in one of his works seems to have made no effort to produce the likenesses of the Medicean Princes, Lorenzo and Julian, and who remarked: "who will appear in a thousand years from now to prove that they looked otherwise?"

But besides its many old tombs, St. Roch's Cemetery is famous for its Chapel, built in 1871 by Father Thevis, with his own hands, in fulfillment of a vow that, if none of his people died during the epidemic of 1866-67, he would build a chapel in thanksgiving. None of his parishioners died. And so the chapel was built by the saintly priest, stone by stone, until com-

pleted. Its dark stone walls—which have the appearance of having been covered with a coat of rust—reach high and are supported by stone buttresses that clasp the walls between each narrow window, a chapel that will stand for years and around which crowd the tombs. It is a shrine now where St. Roch is venerated. Miraculous cures are said to have happened to many who came to supplicate the saint in this shrine. At any rate, a great heap of crutches, wooden limbs, arms, and such, are clustered near the gospel side of the altar, while the entire sanctuary wall on the epistle side is covered with small marble votive tablets upon which the single word "Thanks" is emblazoned in gold letters. Innumerable votive lights flicker before the altar the year round. In this old cemetery one sees the Stations of the Cross erected at regular intervals around the cemetery burial walls. On Good Friday the chapel is the mecca for young girls. Tradition has handed down the story that if the girls visit nine churches, to pray and to make an offering in each one of them, and then visit the St. Roch's chapel, completing the pious tour by making the Way of the Cross in the cemetery, they will be sure to marry happily before the year has run its course. No record has been kept of the coming and going of girls on Good Fridays. But, needless to say, the young girls of New Orleans, of both Catholic and Protestant denominations, flock here to wend their way—via the nine visits, offerings and prayers—into the land of romance, the majority, no doubt, if not finding a husband, feeling at least the sweet influence of St. Roch,

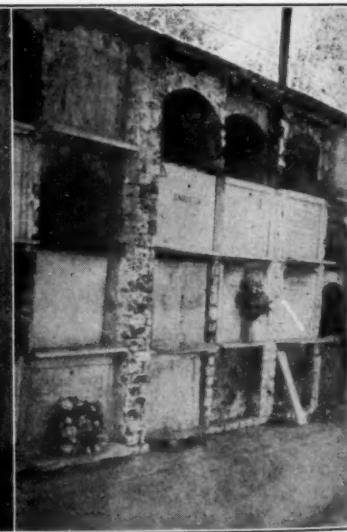
(Continued on page 364)



"Stories high and strong"



"The sin of neglect"



"Dark, forbidding holes waiting for the dead"

## The Stag at Bay

WILL W. WHALEN

**W**IDOWS are more attractive and on that account more dangerous than flappers. The young girl goes on, year after year, from dance to movie, from movie to card party, in untiring whirl, always accompanied by the devoted male, but not always the same male. So, often she winds up at the fortieth milestone, still an unappreciated blessing and certainly an unappropriated one.

Now she begins to tear the telltale years out of her calendar. If she wax fat at forty, she works to make herself fair by reducing. If she show thin, she labors to add to her weight. She is still a "girl." An unwedded woman, no matter what her age, always is. But no man sings nor has any man the intention of singing into her Barkis ear the words of that undying ballad, "You're the one girl in this wide world for me." The men just seem to be able to live without her. Perhaps there are too many of her kind.

The widow mourns becomingly. But life's difficult for the wife who has known her own home and a husband's provisional care. The "widow's pension" may do a lot of good, but she'd rather see a husband's pay bag laid trustingly in her lap, as in the dear gone days.

Anon she's despaired at the movies, male-escorted, mayhap at a dance, where she "sits out" many numbers, her weeds toned down considerably. But the male in her train doesn't vary. He's always the same. Soon the banns smite discouragingly on maiden ears: Jacob Murphy and Mary Ann Barrett Steigerwald. And so Mrs. Jacob Murphy, née Barrett, relict of Augustus Steigerwald, who was, poor fellow, fatally kicked by his horse when a Ford backfired—she disappears from the matrimonial mart, while the flapper, ten years her junior still, parades in the market place her girlish charms, which every day in every way are growing less endearing and enduring.

Thus philosophized Albert Rigney, enjoying the consolation of his pipe after a hard day at the office.

After all, real tobacco was a smoke, and a lot of women were just women. The great Creator said: "It is not good for man to be alone." But that was spoken to our first father before he was a father or even a husband. How could any man ever be alone who had the memory of the late Mrs. Albert Rigney and the living proof of her sacrifice in a son like young James? Such twin loves were surely enough to fill a life.

Albert glanced through the smoke wrack at the ivy climbing up the walls of his neighbor's house, and saw there two little sparrows coming home to their nest. He preferred the hermit thrush.

He looked across lovingly at his sixteen-year-old son, who was poring over "Fabiola," and blessed the boy's luck that would keep women and their wiles and woes out of that life so precious to him. Young Master James would start off for the seminary in September. The father's eyes grew a little misty, as they flashed ahead ten years, and beheld that son blessing the man who gave him life, and offering the Great Sacrifice—as Augustine did for Monica—for the heroic little mother who gave up her life that the boy should live.

Albert Rigney, now at thirty-six, sensed that life had been just too good to him. He was too humble a man ever to think that he pretty well deserved success in life; that he'd always been not only a heartily decent chap, but a God-fearing and God-loving one. His year of marriage was full of happiness—oh, the old memories, how they crowned his heart with roses and thorns!—and then his wife's untimely death crushed him to earth.

But he arose from his grief, a better man, with their baby boy in his arms, and saw that he had still a lot to do in life.

He moulded his son carefully and well, taking the mother's place as well as he could. His old aunt supplied for his masculine deficiencies in that regard, whatever they were. But though sixteen years a widower, Albert Rigney had never yet thought of remarriage.

In the town where he'd spent his whole existence and grown prosperous and of good repute, the women rather resented his celibacy. Albert somehow knew that. Perhaps he was teased at the K. of C. or the Holy Name meetings. Perhaps the talk of the eligible ladies reached him via his aunt, who was prone to chatter, considering it blessed both to give and to receive gossip.

Albert was flagrantly pursued by lean Adalberta Lang, the school teacher, who felt convinced she'd make a wise mother for the growing boy and also a *consolatrix* for Albert. She "would double his joys, and how sorrows divide." Their very names showed they were made for each other. No doubt, she had the best of intentions, Adalberta admitted unblushingly she was only two years younger than

Albert, which, everybody knew, meant she was at least four years older.

She hadn't the field all to herself. Hilda Smith, the priest's housekeeper, suddenly joined in the chase, arguing that if Albert was fair game for a schoolmarm, why should such a good cook as herself be backward in coming forward? Like as not Adalberta lived out of cans, and didn't know how to bake pies. Why, she'd ruin the poor fellow's digestion, and if his stomach went bad,—oi! oi! and agh! agh! Heaven knew Adalberta looked capable of it with her hollyhock figure, while Hilda's rotundity suggested a housewife and substantial caretaker. They were comparatively the celery and the turkey roast of a Thanksgiving dinner.

But Albert was a *sui generis* American. He yearned neither for turkey nor celery, but did relish corned beef and cabbage.

Albert proved the parting of the ways in the once unbreakable friendship of Hilda and Adalberta. Why shouldn't they have been chums? Wasn't Adalberta the prefect of the Sodality, and didn't Hilda sing louder at their meetings than anybody else? They were two mighty women in their little Israel. Others more light-minded might skip the weekly office, but Adalberta and Hilda were never among those foolish virgins. Many a girl, who had graduated from that Sodality, via the marriage certificate, hearkened to her young daughters piping the hymns, and recalled Adalberta and Hilda as the female Castor and Pollux of her vestal days.

Now the Sodality Gemini each averted her eyes from the side of the road the other trod. Love might knit Albert to one of those women for life, but that love, until the suspense was settled, wouldn't join those two "girls" in further friendship. They stood aloof, like cliffs which had been rent asunder, a sea of silence now flowing between the quondam confidantes,—though while Hilda might fill the poet's conception of a cliff, Adalberta resembled rather a wireless pole surmounting the cliff.

Hilda asked the unsuspecting pastor to look up his mortuary records, and find out how long Mrs. Albert Rigney was buried. In that self-same hour, the shrewd Adalberta was in the cemetery studying the tombstone. Surely here were two girlish souls with but a single thought—how to get rid of their girlish singleness.

Adalberta noted that there was no room on the little snow-white marker for the name of the husband. She at once deduced from that phenomenon that Albert would marry again, of course. He knew he would, and since his first marriage was such a short one, he'd prefer to be laid with the wife of his second choice.

At the moment, Adalberta was dressed in a sleazily shimmering creation. She couldn't have picked anything worse. It made her look

like a question mark wandering around in life with "No!" expected for an answer. Her hat was unmerciful to her also. A flapping black lace thing, with a big bow in the back, over her liver-tinted face it seemed a large Luna butterfly perched on a lichenized rock.

Neither was Hilda's new bonnet suitable. It took a run to the front and had a small round top, but no back at all. The strip of compromising ruching under the peak didn't save the structure from looking like a jockey's cap. Perhaps with prudent forethought Hilda chose that marvel. Her tastes were turning not only to man himself, but to that friend of man, the horse.

If the studious pastor had admitted gossips, he'd have learned what a merry time the parish was having over the marathon of Misses Castor and Pollux. Both were too prominent in church affairs not to be watched and weighed.

One young sheik, who possessed an auto whose name is legion, and is likewise synonymous with trouble, declared he couldn't get a budge out of his motor till Hilda billowed along in her jockey-peak hat. At the sight the Ford hit on every cylinder. His "sweetie" declared the millinery was "shot at and missed."

Just then Mme. Patrice Syckelmore, looking like a brand-new limousine, spurted past Hilda, and the road louse kicked mud on the Madame's tonneau. Ordinarily that desecration would have sent a thrill of indignation through Madame Patrice, and she'd have vented her soprano wrath. But today she was laughing in her sleeve (what little she owned) about, "Those silly old maids!"

Both Hilda and Adalberta tasted defeat. Albert smiled casually at each, as he did at all the school children, and walked off about his business. He understood what (or rather, whom) the ladies were aiming at. With him Hilda was tweedledum and Adalberta tweedledee.

Then taking a page from the book of the "silly old maids," along pattered the merry and wise widow, Mme. Patrice Syckelmore. The "Mme." was painted on the door of her beauty parlor. Hence it came in on her mail, and appeared also on her cards. She was earning a good, but rather dishonest living, for many of the ladies who went to her fountain of youth to be made young again, declared her treatments didn't endure. The gray would return to the hair, the suggested auto tire sneak again under the chin, the curved lines to the sagging jowls, and those nasty little purses under the eyes. Yet they all went back for new doses of her aids to pulchritude.

Mme. Patrice was honestly sick of her job. She had to keep so fit herself, since she was the glass of fashion, the observed of all observers.

Morning Indian clubs and hikes, when she'd rather have stayed in bed. Canary bird meals when she was dying to attack a good T-bone steak. Extremely short, skimpy skirts, when she hankered for an old house mother hubbard. Tight high-heeled slippers to give her the famous Syckelmore swaying walk, when she wanted to flop around in carpet slippers.

She pondered bitterly the old days, when Syckelmore was alive. Her conscience reproached her that she didn't appreciate him enough during his mortal span, so she rushed down to the pastor, and had Masses read for his soul. She didn't dare offer to his ashes the tender tribute of tears. She had to watch her face, for everybody else watched it. It was her cleverly painted lithograph. Then the ladies, seeing the sunlight in her eyes, the day-dawn on her cheeks and girlhood in her figure, milled at her door, "to look like you, Patrice."

Patrice thought of her daughter, another Patrice, being made fit to face a none too kind world in a convent school. Madame polished her nails heedlessly with the tooth powder brush, and came nearly applying the slipper whitewash to her neck. She was dreamy.

That was since Albert Rigney flashed into her ken. Here was a star of hope on her horizon. God forgive her! when she saw him so devout at Mass, raising those big honest eyes of his to the priest preaching, his simple boyish intentness, she felt she'd like to be his wifely genie to tote his evening-at-home slippers, mend his smoking jacket at the torn pockets, fill his meerschaum. She desired the smell of tobacco in her home to stifle the feminine perfumes, and she couldn't bring herself to cigarettes. Anyhow for ladies, smoking was taboo in her home town.

Suddenly the school teacher and the priest's housekeeper resumed their old comradeship. There was a common peril—the Madame!

They both decided to try her administrations on their faces and figures. The opposite treatment was meted out to each suppliant at the shrine of beauty. Adalberta must put on flesh, while Hilda must take it off. It was weary work. Things didn't go well. Adalberta grew more pike-like, and Hilda waxed round as the full moon.

The pastor had grown old in studious ways, but even he noticed there was something wrong with his ever faithful cook. Her coffee was weaker, the cream sour on two occasions. Once she put on frankfurters instead of country sausage; cinnamon peppered the soup; thrice was the chicken tough, under-done. Hilda certainly "had it bad."

Her pastor, remembering her former pricelessness, feared he was becoming too fastidious

about his diet, and made a special meditation on the fifth of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Hilda took to riding Ignatius, the parish horse, at Madame's suggestion. This, the beauty oracle told her, was splendid for the spine, and would give grace to the walk. Hilda was seized with a hope that her waddling days were over. She bribed the sexton to guide Ignatius into the fields beyond observation, and round and round and up and down cantered the mighty Hilda. But she always came in so famished from the open air that she pounced on the larder and ate four times a day.

She was riding valiantly when a handbill of the movie, "The Ten Commandments," was tossed over the fences by the wicked wind. Naturally Ignatius resented that. He was a church horse, whose master never attended movies. One thing was evident: Ignatius was not keen about that lurid advertising.

He snorted, leapt laboriously into the air. Hilda did a sort of ponderous Mazeppa; she got reversed somehow on his back. She made a grab for his flying tail, missed her desperate clutch, and landed in a clump of laurel bushes. These she crushed flat to the ground, broken off sheer at the roots. No other damage done, except to Ignatius' nerves and Hilda's conceit and maiden modesty. She broke the bushes, but they broke her fall. Her thick rope of hair caught in a thistle. The sexton, with badly suppressed giggles, assisted the lady's stalwart form from the midst of her laurels, and disentangled the plat from the Scottish burrs.

Hilda made a secret vow then and there to ride no more in love's mad chase. If she couldn't win the fellow without mounting a nag, she'd—to use Lady Mary Montagu's phrase, though Hilda never read it—she'd walk to her grave a "lay nun."

At the end of this trial, Hilda had gained nine pounds, and Ignatius had lost three.

Then abruptly Hilda and Adalberta abandoned any further trips to Madame's false fountain of youth and pulchritude. They called her names to each other. She just made money hand over fist off trusting, helpless "girls" like themselves.

A new danger had flashed into view. Albert Rigney was seen on a number of occasions with young Louise Britt. What on earth did he find in that pale, drab little mousey thing; no rouge, no bob, not even a marcel wave? This was Mme. Patrice's criticism. Madame maneuvered to sit behind the pair at the performance of "The Ten Commandments." She noticed how brightly they could chat together, how well they seemed to understand each other. She caught a few sentences that passed between them.

"I know you'll find happiness," said Albert

earnestly. "And you will too," echoed Louise fervently, clasping her work-worn hands in her lap.

Madame stayed for no more. She groped her way from the film palace, but it wasn't the lights that blinded her. It was resentful tears.

"Why, he's old enough to be her father. We women haven't a chance against flappers."

She admitted in her own heart that Louise wasn't a flapper, but seemed older than her years warranted.

At the Sodality meeting Adalberta could hardly bring herself to hand the little black office book respectfully to her young and not pretty rival. Why, she herself, though a few—oh, yes, a few—years older, was far, far more attractive than that colorless mite. All that little piece had was youth, which would soon wing away.

And when poor Louise, who was rather tone deaf, sang slightly off key in "Sweet, Sweet Mother," Hilda shot her a terrible look, though usually Hilda was kind-hearted. Louise was so abashed that she sang no more. Then Hilda felt hurt in her conscience, and made it a matter of confession.

At last the truth wirelessed through the parish. Albert Rigney and Louise Britt were both at the station to wish young James God-speed to the seminary. The pastor went off with James. The boy was so overcome with emotion when he took his father's hand that the lad, quite beside himself, flung his arms around dear old dad's neck, and kissed the man who had always shown him only kindness. Then the pastor's long farewell to both Albert and Louise awoke curiosity, for there was a crowd present to see young James leave.

Albert and Louise had traveling bags with them, and those bags didn't belong to James. All three took trains that led in diverse directions. Louise's train came later than James'. She took Albert's hand reverently, as a little daughter would do, and said simply:

"Mr. Rigney, I'll never forget how kind you've been to me. You've made things so much easier. It isn't only the money for my dowry. It's—it's just everything."

And quiet little Louise, who never talked much, went off as a postulant of the Sisters of Charity on the Hudson.

Then Albert Rigney, feeling he had done what he could for his son, tried to do the best for himself and his soul. His body had had its share. He realized no woman could ever be wife to him after the sweet flower of his early love, that had blossomed forth a son, then wilted and gone away to the immortal garden of glorious women. That love had blessed and left him. It could never be duplicated. After that, he waited for—what?

He was afraid of himself. He knew he was growing too fond of money and money-making—money for its own sake. He shuddered as the ugly face of heredity glared into his. He remembered his father with a nauseous qualm. He recalled the financial fight of his lovely mother that helped to shorten her life, when there was need of such privations. It was the tight-fisted father who did it. And Albert's palm was suffering from the gold itch.

In his waking dreams he'd heard the footsteps, even the Calling Voice. He had run from them both. He'd fled Him down the nights and down the days; fled Him down the arches of the years; fled Him down the labyrinthine ways of his own mind, and in the midst of tears hid from Him and under running laughter. But those strong Feet followed, followed after.

A Voice beat on his conscience: "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me." The face of Judas, the pieces of bloody silver, the rope—these haunted Albert's sensitive heart. Life had robbed him of his love, and the gold mirage was luring his soul into the desert from whose bourn he might never return. Now that Voice explained: "All which I took from thee I did but take, not for thy harms, but just that thou mightst seek it in My arms."

Albert stood at the station, resolves made that would never be unmade, a glow hardly of earth in his honest eyes. Nobody spoke to him, for nobody knew, though everybody soon found—after he was gone. He entered a Franciscan novitiate to become a lowly lay brother of the Poverello with the pinching vow of poverty. Thus did he triumph over heredity.

"Well, no woman beat me out anyhow," sighed Mme. Patrice, with a widow's satisfaction. She glanced at her charms in the mirror with keen satisfaction.

Hilda tossed her jockey-peak hat up on the garret.

"I'll try to serve my poor priest more faithfully. Oh, I've been neglecting my duty," mourned Hilda, and she struck her mountainous bosom a mighty wallop. "Maybe it's a votive

(Continued on page 365)

### Star of Bethlehem

NANCY BUCKLEY

O little Star, your pure, clear light  
Is shining through the frosty night,  
As gleams the brilliance of a gem,  
Upon the hills of Bethlehem.

Your glow is seen in children's eyes;  
Your warmth is felt in hearts where lies  
The weariness of earth. On far  
And near you shine, O Little Star!

# The Beggar Woman

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

THE three girls chatted merrily as they walked through the crowd on their way to the matinee. Flurries of snow provoked their laughter as the star shaped flakes blurred their vision, causing clumsy collisions with other passers-by.

Marie had been looking forward to this particular afternoon with Gladys and Netty. They were going to the matinee and then to luncheon in a cozy tea room where friends were to join them for an hour of dancing.

Whirling, blowing teasingly about them, merrily fell the snow. My, but it felt good to be wrapped snugly in the soft fur coats—to be young—healthy, and on the way to an enjoyable afternoon!

"Look, look!" said one of the girls, pointing to a shop window. "Look at that ducky hat." They paused, crowding close to the frosty window. A tiny purple turban flaunting a jaunty bit of trimming at the side, seemed to beckon from its cozy recess of golden drapes and artificial violets.

Gladys suggested going in to try it on. Netty enthusiastically consented, deciding that there was plenty of time before the performance. As Netty and Gladys tried on first one hat then another, Mary stood wearily near the window, looking out, hoping her friends would soon tire of monopolizing the busy saleslady's time, for she knew her friends had no intention of purchasing a hat that day.

As she stood there watching the flurry of snow, she noticed in the street a woman in a ragged shawl, holding something in her arms. She swayed toward a post as if for support. The woman seemed to be looking at her. Between puffs of blowing snow the face could be seen, a pitiful, weary face, cruelly marked by sorrow. There was a haggard, desperate look in the woman's eyes that seemed to plead from their tear-dimmed depths.

Mary went to the door and impulsively walked out to the street and up to the woman. It was then she noticed she was holding a baby in her arms, wrapped in the folds of the ragged shawl. From the woman's neck there hung a box with a few chewing gum packages and pencils in it.

"Can I do something for you?" volunteered Mary with solicitude, steadying the woman as she swayed in the snow.

"Oh Miss, you are kind—kind—my baby! My baby!" wailed the derelict.

"What is the matter with your baby?" asked

Mary, trying to look in the hollow of the woman's arm.

"I was selling pencils near the subway station over there. He had been whining all day. All at once he became so cold and stopped crying.—Oh, I think he's dead," sobbed the woman, clasping the baby frantically. Then raising her face to Mary she murmured, "Tell me, is he asleep?" And she lifted a fold of the shawl with a hesitant motion, as if fearing to see herself what was beneath it. Mary's heart tightened. A pitiful bit of humanity, a bluish little face with scabs here and there, a wee gasping mouth.

"He has not eaten today. I have no fire—tried to make some money—I don't know where to go nor what to do." And the woman stared helplessly into Mary's face with a haunted, distressed expression. Just then Gladys and Netty rushed excitedly out of the milliner's shop.

"Come on Mary," they called, drawing near, looking curiously at the woman. Netty, tugging at Mary's coat, whispered in her ear, "Come away, don't talk to that beggar."

"Come on, we are late as it is," said Gladys. Mary did not want to go. She did not want to leave that woman there alone, helplessly pitiful. The sight of that baby, the distress in the woman's eyes had filled her heart with pity.

"Wait a moment," she told her friends, "I want to talk to this woman, I want to do something for her—she is alone, she needs help."

"Oh, come on, it's none of your business, someone else will help her," said Gladys, and Netty whispered, "You'll catch something from that brat, his face is full of sores. Come on, we are late."

"No, I can't come now," Mary told them, turning her clear gaze on her friends. "I am needed here. You go on without me. I have the ticket for my seat with me. I shall join you later."

The girls shrugged their shoulders and said petulantly, "Well, you are not going to make us late," and they flounced away. The snow flurries enveloped them as they merged into the passing crowd, giggling at that saphead, Mary. But Mary did not mind. They were forgotten immediately. She was interested in the problem at hand. The destitute woman with the sick baby held her unbiased interest.

"Come," she said, taking the woman by the arm, "come with me. Wait, let me carry the baby." But as the woman seemed reluctant to

unwrap the shawl, which so miserably protected the little form, Mary unfastened her fur coat, and taking the baby, she tucked him between the soft folds.

She walked to the corner and hailed a passing taxi. When the woman was seated comfortably beside her, she gave the driver the address of a well-known charity hospital, and the machine sped down the thoroughfare in the blinding snowstorm.

Above the door there stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the infant Jesus to her heart. It seemed to Mary, as she entered with her humble charges, that the little image smiled down to her from its height through the flying snow.

Two hours later when Mary had emerged from the hospital, there was a satisfied expression on her face. As she drew on her gloves she thought happily of the baby she had left cozily asleep in the little crib with the nun watching over him; of the woman sitting in the warm room. A light glimmered across the street. Mary glanced at her wristwatch. Five twenty-five. Goodness! Then she remembered the matinee, the luncheon, the dancing. "I had forgotten all about it." She smiled to herself, and walked to the corner and boarded a street car for home. She sat near a woman who was excitedly reading a newspaper aloud to someone near her.

Mary gazed at the sheet before her face.

"Extra" was stamped in red letters upon the first page, and below it were the headlines in bold type:

#### 18 DEAD IN THEATRE FIRE

44 Others Injured Seriously at Gaiety Holocaust

Gaiety! It was the name of the theatre printed on the matinee ticket in her purse.

#### The Legend of the Candle Light

(Continued from page 353)

emn joy, they whispered to each other: "The promise!"

All was hushed in reverential awe. All eyes were fixed on His. The candles, seeing their rays reflected in His eyes, stood as though in ecstasy: it seemed as though they must spend all their fervor in one moment of intense burning. Thus consumed with burning contemplation, they heard His voice—like the voice of a far-off tolling bell, with its song going on o'er hill and dell: "This is my body."—"This is my blood."—"Do this in commemoration of me."

How long they burnt, the candles knew not. But this they understood: that the Apostles, and the priests of all times, were to do what He

had done; and that at every re-enacting of that Sacred Sacrifice, at every Holy Mass, and at every Eucharistic public audience, at every solemn exposition, it would be the sacred privilege of these rays to bask in the beautiful love of His Eucharistic presence and to testify before men to this presence.—Truly, the fulfilment in its divine simplicity and loveliness far exceeded their expectation from the promise.

Then in tones so soft, so sweet, as though they were the echo of the strings of an innocent heart, touched by the fingers of divine grace, the grateful rays chanted this anthem:

"O ye sun and moon, bless the Lord:  
Praise and exalt Him above all for ever.  
O ye stars of heaven, bless the Lord:  
Praise and exalt Him above all for ever."

\* \* \* \* \*  
And that is why those twelve candles on the altar, six to the right, six to the left of the lily-vested, monstranced Jesus, stand like surpliced acolytes, and have eyes as bright as the midnight stars.

#### Old Cemeteries in New Orleans

(Continued from page 358)

whose chapel-shrine dominates this historical Campo Santo.

It was at the enchanting hour of sunset that I left this old city of the dead. In the fading light of the dying day the more battered and weather-beaten tombs lost their scars and wounds. They now all looked resplendent,—and how strongly they evoked memories of the past! a memory that pressed me, reminding me that less than 125 years ago a foreign power held the vast, virginal empire that covered the entire western half of the Mississippi River Valley, and of which New Orleans was the acknowledged metropolis, making laws and issuing decrees in French,—to relinquish it all for the sum of \$15,000,000, the price of the bargain struck by Monroe with the French minister for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. The history of that French period lies cradled in the old cemeteries of New Orleans, for there slumber the dead who boomed the French settlement and who later saw it sold to the Stars and Stripes. Since that time New Orleans has thrice boomed. In the midst of modern greatness it is neglecting its dear dead and is encroaching upon hallowed ground. The city is toiling and scattering prosperity. For the sake of its oldest glories—its cemeteries—whose dead performed deeds worthy of New Orleans' sympathy, we say to its citizens, in the words of Victor Hugo:

"O toilers of the world, glory lies  
Not in great empires built o'er dead men's bones  
But in those deeds of charity and love  
Which light our earth as Heaven is lit by stars."

### The Stag at Bay

(Continued from page 362)

cation to be a priest's housekeeper, and take care of our Lord's guardian on earth."

She went to the stable, and gave the contented Ignatius a big lump of sugar. "Forgive me," she whispered apologetically into the fly-flicking ear. Mayhap Ignatius understood, for he neighed knowingly. It sounded like a horse's laugh.

Adalberta discarded her Luna butterfly head-piece and bought her a bird of paradise hat. Now her face looked like a mossy stone hidden from the eye by a sun-kissed waterfall. She paused ere she reascended the stairs to Mme. Patrice Syckelmore's beauty hospital.

"Nothing's too good for the Almighty," she conceded, as she mounted the steps. "Yet Albert Rigney's not the only good man. And while there's a life there's hope."

### Where do You Sleep

Indiana State Medical Association

WITH the first drop of the thermometer and the first chilly blasts that precede winter weather don't lose your nerve and slam down your bedroom windows.

The question—Where do you sleep? has become one of the essentials of personal hygiene.

Whenever facilities are available and economic circumstances permit, the modern American is developing a habit of sleeping out-of-doors. Not only are sleeping porches becoming more common but the automobile has enabled many a one of moderate circumstances to take to the open road, especially during the summer and early fall months. This tendency to live in the open will undoubtedly be reflected favorably in the health statistics of the nation in the years to come.

But with the first snowflake or the first plunge of the thermometer toward zero, many of these hardy tourists and outdoor sleepers gather their blankets about them and speedily steal indoors. The screened sleeping porch of summer becomes merely a bleak and snow drift-ed reminder of better weather.

Every night spent in the out-of-doors adds hours to your life. Many a man who has never slept in the open, who has never experienced the big thrill that results from outdoor sleeping in the fresh air, wakes from his first experience

in amazement. The poets tell of the wonders of such nights spent in the open, sleeping under the stars and in the fresh air. This kind of life, however, is not alone for those who live in the country and in the open spaces. It is yours to experience almost as well, wherever your home may be, if you will make some balcony or some porch into a sleeping apartment. It may be that you are not fortunate enough to possess such a porch or balcony that can be transformed into sleeping quarters. In that case, you can still avail yourself of part of the benefits that come from sleeping outdoors if you open wide the windows of your sleeping room so that the fresh air of the night can swoop over you.

All that anyone needs to get from outdoor sleeping is fresh, moving air. It is not necessary that you shiver. It is not necessary that you undergo discomforts. It is not necessary or advisable to sleep in a draft. The process of adjustment from indoor to outdoor sleeping should be a gradual one, care should be taken always to avoid exposure. Every beginner should take precautions to see that provisions are made for perfect comfort, and it is well for you to see your family physician and have him check up your resistive powers by a thorough physical examination before you start.

If your head is sensitive to cold, it should be covered with a warm cap. This cap should be loosely knit and so porous as to permit of the free circulation of air. If your feet are sensitive to cold, you should provide yourself with woolen bed socks.

Another important point for the outdoor sleeper to remember is that it is as important to have enough bed clothing underneath the body as it is to have enough over the body.

In conclusion, remember that if you haven't a sleeping porch, turn off the heat in your bedroom, open wide the windows, and as the currents of cold night air blow over you, make believe that you are out in the open.

### "Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

KATE AYERS ROBERT

First sung by the angels  
"Neath December sky,  
First heard by the lowly  
While watching they lie

On Bethlehem's hillsides,  
Their sheep grazing far,  
They behold in the heavens  
A wonderful star!

Its gleams o'er a stable  
For them light the way  
To find Christ the Savior  
That first Christmas Day!

## Notes of Interest

### From the Field of Science

—We often estimate the growth of a person from the weight he has added. The modern method sees the correct measurement of growth in the increase of size in the skeleton.

—“Radium in active dosage,” says the Department of Agriculture, “is potent for harm as well as good and should be administered with caution!”

—It is still an unsolved secret whether the chimney swifts go in the winter. Until recently it was held they buried themselves in the mud of the Gulf of Mexico. The Bureau of Biological Survey is trapping more than 25,000 of these birds, putting identification tags on them, and releasing them in an effort to trace their movements.

—Senatore Guglielmo Marconi predicted in 1922 that the development of radio transmission would be on short wave lengths below 100 meters. The prediction has already been realized. Amateur and commercial stations are using the short wave lengths for transmission to the Antipodes.

—The crumbling of stonework has often been attributed to the action of frost. But it may be due also to crystals formed in the stone by water. Nearly all types of stone contain soluble matter that can be leached out by water. At the surface this action shows itself in a growth of white crystals, called efflorescence. Crystals forming within the stone exert a wedging action, which often results in injury to the stone.

—A model radio house in New York brings the broadcasting to every part of the home, even to the cook in the kitchen. The reception is through a central set, controlled by wires and switches located at various points throughout the building.

—Fresh earth smells sweet because of the *Actinomyces odorifer*. The big word is for a very small plant or fungus.

—A young child grows slowly, a young horse grows rapidly. And it does not depend on the amount of food alone. Considering the ratio of food eaten to the amount of weight added, there is a surprising difference between human growth and that of other mammals, such as the horse, dog, cat, rabbit, pig. To form one pound of weight, man requires six times the amount of food that the other animals require,—the amount being measured by the heat the food can produce. There is also a similar difference in the per cent of food absorbed for growth from any equal amount of food measured in heat units. Thus from one pound of food with the same heat units or ‘calories’ as another pound, the human being will absorb only five per cent, whilst all other animals average 34 per cent.

—Why do Orientals need less food than Americans? Experiments conducted at the Columbia University state that the Oriental has a lower basal metabolism or energy exchange in the body. In plain language,

this means that the Oriental gets more from his food than we do. Two automobile engines, using the same grade of gasoline, may differ in their consumption of fuel, owing to different efficiencies. It appears that the Orientals are more efficient engines than we are.

—Hay fever and one form of asthma are now considered due to a protein that enters the patient either through food or by contact with skin and mucous membrane. In hay fever, the protein is usually found in the pollen as inhaled from certain weeds, especially the ragweed. However, both hay fever and asthma may be due to the protein contained in the dandruff of cats, dogs, or horses. There is also a hay fever due to a deficiency of calcium (lime) in the system, which may be detected by a special blood test and corrected with proper treatment. The discovery that a protein would cause hay fever and asthma was accidental. It is a well known fact that certain poisons may be given in small doses to a person, whose system will react so as to stand still larger doses, or even to grow immune. This is known as prophylaxis. In a series of experiments of this sort on animals, just the opposite occurred with certain proteins—the animal became more sensitive to the injection. This was then called anaphylaxis. One such anaphylaxis on guinea pigs produced the symptoms of asthma. An extension of the experiments showed that hay fever and one form of asthma were due to a specific protein, which could be determined by a simple skin test. The test is made with the offending protein,—one physician having some 280 different proteins—placed on a slight cut in the skin. Thus dog hair, cat hair, horse dander, may be used. If the person is susceptible to the specific protein, a reaction of the skin around the cut will appear. Having found the particular protein which causes the trouble, the treatment follows. The best treatment is prevention. In case the cause be an animal, for example, the household cat, it must be removed. Then follows the desensitizing of the patient by means of injection of certain proteins under the skin. Failure of cure is often due to the fact that many persons are sensitive to several proteins as the cause of their hay fever and asthma.

### “APPLIED” SCIENCE

—Many children do not stay at home at nights—because they are afraid to stay alone.

—If the missing link is ever discovered, it might replace some missing links that are not missing.

—Scientists are seeking a vegetation that will flourish in the desert. The sower of wild oats should be transplanted thither.

—A good cure for toothache is the sight of the dentist.

—A brisk walk before going to bed is said to cure insomnia. This ought to be a consolation to many mothers in carrying the baby to and fro at night.

—Sometimes we take up a hobby to get our minds

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off our work, and then we have to give up the hobby to get our minds down to work.

—Science is wonderful,—the *Chicago Tribune*, in describing the *electron*, stated that a Vienna scientist had split an *election*. He might find occupation in this country.

—On a party telephone line the farmer often becomes a public speaker.

—Many speeches are broadcast free and without profit,—both to speaker and hearer.

—Ours is a wonderful language,—freight by ship is cargo, and freight by car is shipment.

—Fish may kill mosquitoes,—but who cares to take a fish to bed with him?

—The average politician has a small stock of words, but a wonderful turnover.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

## Miscellaneous

—In September, 1925, the Society of the Catholic Medical Missionaries was founded at Washington by Dr. Anna Dengel. The first four members of the Society took the oath of fidelity on September 23, 1926, in presence of the Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University. On the following day Dr. Joanna Lyons left for India to take charge of St. Catherine of Siena Hospital for women and children in Rawal-Pindi, Punjab.

—At noon on Sunday, October 3, His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty celebrated in the Sesquicentennial stadium at Philadelphia a Pontifical High Mass for the blessings of 150 years of American independence. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph A. Whitaker preached the sermon. Between 250,000 and 300,000 persons packed the stadium. Amplifiers advantageously placed enabled the vast congregation to follow the ceremonies. A choir from St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, sang the Gregorian chant of the Mass. Four trumpets were sounded at the elevation. For the many who could not gain admittance to the stadium a Mass was celebrated elsewhere by Mgr. Joseph A. McCullough.

—Rt. Rev. John J. O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Newark, New Jersey, celebrated on October 12 the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination and the twenty-fifth of his episcopal consecration. The event was made memorable by the dedication of the new seminary of the Immaculate Conception at Darlington, N. J.

—Eighty-six parochial schools in the Detroit area report an attendance of 17,354 children, which is an increase of 3,901 over that of last year.

—Dr. Bernard A. McKenna, of the Catholic University at Washington, who has charge of the National Catholic Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, now building, mourns the loss of an aged aunt, Miss Catherine McMenony, who died recently at Washington at the advanced age of 103. At the age of 96 she came to this country from Ireland. The funeral was held from the crypt of the Shrine, while burial took place at Philadelphia.

—In thanksgiving for his conversion to the Faith

an English convert gave \$50,000 for the construction of a church at Reading, which has just been opened for divine service.

—Rev. Dennis Turner, C. Ss. R., who died recently in Ireland, was a brother of the Rt. Rev. William Turner, D. D., Bishop of Buffalo, also of Very Rev. Patrick Turner, D. D., of Montgomery, Alabama, and of Rev. John Turner, Ph. D., who is one of the faculty of the seminary at Yonkers, New York. Several sisters, who had entered religion, preceded him in death.

—The Catholic Truth Society of London organized for the recent Catholic Congress, which was held in Manchester, an exhibition of Catholic periodical literature published in the English language. There were on display 494 different newspapers, reviews, and parish magazines. The greatest number—176—were domestic. Then came the United States with 156. Scotland was third with 56, then came India with 27, Ireland 20, Canada 17, Australia 13, the Philippine Islands 5, Burma 2, China 2, Ceylon 3, South America and the West Indies 5.

—Early in October His Eminence Cardinal Hayes installed the Rt. Rev. John J. Mitty as third Bishop of Salt Lake City. Before leaving the city of the Mormons, His Eminence dedicated the new \$800,000 College and Academy of St. Mary, which is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, of Notre Dame, Indiana. The Cardinal then journeyed on to San Francisco for the Sesquicentennial celebration of the Mission Dolores, which was founded by the padres on June 29, 1776, five days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The first Masses were offered up at that mission by Father Palou and his companion missionary. On the return trip His Eminence dedicated Denver's new St. Thomas Theological Seminary.

—The Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, Rt. Rev. William O'Hare, S. J., who led the Jamaica delegation to the Eucharistic Congress, was drowned while bathing at Jamaica on October 11, shortly after his return from the States.

—Mrs. Anna Cummins, of Burlington Junction, Missouri, the mother of eleven children, five of whom are Benedictines—Fathers Patrick and Damian at Conception, and three daughters in the neighboring convent of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde—recently passed to her reward.

—At Oristany, New York, a house of studies has been opened to foster belated vocations. The new venture seems to fill a real want, for 200 young men, following business careers, the professions, and civil service, have applied for admission. No student under twenty-one years will be accepted. A special, intensive course of studies has been arranged to give the young men an opportunity to complete the six years preparatory course in three years. The Holy Father has bestowed upon the work his blessing.

—In July, 1927, occurs the 1,100th anniversary of St. Cyril and his brother St. Methodius, apostles of the Slavs. The event will be commemorated at Velehrad by a great congress for reunion. This congress will be attended by ecclesiastical authorities of both the Ortho-

dox and the Catholic Churches to discuss plans for reunion.

—The American Catholic Philosophic Association, which came into existence at the Catholic University during the Christmas holidays of the past year, will hold its first annual convention at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana, on December 28 and 29.

—On the first Sunday of October began the second year of the monthly, all-night, men's adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Ann's Church, London. From fifty to eighty men spend the whole night in prayer and many others spend part of the night. The office of Compline is said at 11 p. m. on Saturday night. The all-night vigil closes with Mass and Holy Communion at five o'clock on Sunday morning.

—Throughout the month of October there was noon-day Mass and Rosary devotions at the Cathedral in Louisville.

### Benedictine

—At a harvest thanksgiving service held in mid-September at Buckfast Abbey (England) a collection of fruit, wheat, flowers, and vegetables was set out at the head of the nave, where they were blessed by the Rt. Rev. Abbot. The flowers were afterward distributed among the congregation.

—The new abbey church of Ampleforth Abbey (England), although consisting as yet only of choir with sanctuary and higher altar, over a crypt, was consecrated in September. Three bishops and an abbot took part in the ceremonies. The altar stone of the high altar, which was reconsecrated, was brought from the ruins of Byland Abbey a few miles distant, where it had lain desecrated for almost four centuries.

—The first number of the *Orate Fratres*, a review devoted to the liturgical apostolate, and edited by the monks of St. John's Abbey, will appear before the first Sunday of Advent. This liturgical review, which will be published by the Liturgical Press, at Collegeville, Minnesota, will contain thirty-two pages. The subscription price is \$2.00 for subscribers in the United States, \$2.25 for Canada, and \$2.50 for other foreign countries. A campaign for subscriptions is now on. The cause is worthy. We hail the new liturgical review with delight and bespeak for it a hearty reception. May the end be accomplished for which it is established.

—Rt. Rev. William Rudolf, O. S. B., fifty-eighth Abbot of the Abbey of Braunaau in Czechoslovakia, which was founded in 1322, died suddenly of apoplexy while on his way to the parish church to celebrate Pontifical High Mass. Abbot Rudolf was in his sixty-first year.

—The Abbey of Fiecht in Tyrol, Austria, which dates back to 975, nearly one thousand years ago, has a new abbot in the person of the Rt. Rev. John Lampert, O. S. B., S. T. D. Two years prior to his election Abbot Lampert was professor of moral theology in the International Benedictine College of St. Anselm at Rome.

—The ancient Abbey of Neuburg near Heidelberg, in Germany, secularized at the time of the Reformation, has been acquired by the Benedictines of the Con-

gregation of Beuron. The purchase price is said to have been 500,000 marks.

—The Benedictine Priory known as the Dormitio B. V. M., on Mount Sion at Jerusalem, has been raised to the rank of abbey. The late Emperor William II of Germany donated to the Benedictines of Beuron the site of the Dormitio. The monks of the new abbey have charge of the Seminary of the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem.

—Another Benedictine foundation at Jerusalem is the Priory of Sts. Benedict and Ephrem, which belongs to the French Province of the Casinese Congregation. In 1925 this Priory numbered twenty-five, of whom sixteen were priests, one cleric, and eight lay brothers. The Seminary of the Syrian Rite is under the care of the Priory.

—According to *The Placidian*, St. Anselm's Priory near the Catholic University at Brookland in the District of Columbia has "fourteen in the novitiate, or preparing to enter it, at Fort Augustus, Scotland. These include priests, professors and laymen, some youthful, some in maturity of ripened manhood, all eager to embrace the religious life under the rule of St. Benedict." This rapid growth of the new foundation is very encouraging.

—The Catholic University of Peking, Bulletin No. 1, which was issued in early autumn, gives a very interesting account of the progress that has been made during the past year in China. Another Bulletin will soon be issued at St. Vincent Archabbey, Beatty, Pa.

—Rev. Callistus Stehle, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Whelan, O. S. B., both of St. Vincent's Archabbey, departed this fall via Rome to join the faculty of the new Catholic University of Peking. From Rome they were accompanied to China by the Rev. George Barry O'Toole, Rector of the University.

—Two monks of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, Fathers George Scheffold and Method Porwold, constitute a mission band that is prepared to give missions, retreats, and triduum. The mission band has headquarters at New Munich, Minnesota.

—Two monks of Conception Abbey in Missouri set out this year for lands beyond the seas to labor in other climes for the glory of God: Rev. Benedict Villiger, O. S. B., went to S. Paulo, Brazil, in South America, where he will teach astronomy and chemistry in the abbey school of the monastery of S. Bento. The other is Rev. Lawrence Villing, O. S. B., who at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Tacconi was sent to Kaifeng, China. The Bishop brought word that the clergy who teach in the Catholic academy at Kaifeng had expressed to him their desire to become Benedictines. During his recent visit to this country the Bishop went to various abbeys to plead his cause. Because of the many needs of the individual abbeys it was impossible to accede to the request, that is, to spare sufficient monks to start a community at once. If this initial step bears fruit, the good Bishop will eventually see his hopes realized.

Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, on fire with love of us,  
inflame our hearts with love of Thee.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—This is to wish you a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. Wherever you may live, or whoever you may be, and in whatsoever way you may keep Christmas, I wish you a merry time.

It matters not whether your Santa Claus comes down the chimney, or through the door, whether he arrives by fast mail, or by aeroplane, by automobile or by radio, or whether He comes only to your hearts, I wish you the merriest of merry Christmases, and the happiest of Happy New Years.

Will the Cornerites who read the rules please urge those who write to the LETTER BOX to follow these rules? There are some, yes, many, who do not read the rules, else why do they persist in using lead pencil, writing on both sides of the paper, leaving no margin, and so forth? If those of you, who do read and follow

the rules, will please urge all readers to do so, I am sure the standard will soon be raised, and the editor shall be spared the shedding of many briny tears.

How many of the readers enjoy the privilege of listening to Catholic programs over the radio? Write about it if you do.

St. Mary's choir, of Shenandoah, Iowa, broadcasts on the fourth Sunday of each month from 4:00 to 5:00, and the pastor, Father Melville, gives a talk.

St. Ambrose Cathedral, at Des Moines, broadcasts High Mass the second Sunday of each month from 11:00 to 1:00.

Father Flanagan's Boys Home Band plays every Sunday at 1:30 from Omaha.

Write to tell the rest of the Cornerites what you hear.



### O Little Babe!

Within a manger Thou dost lie,  
O Little Babe of Behtlehem;  
Thou camest from Thy throne on high,  
O Little Babe of Behtlehem;  
And though Thy bed is drear and chill  
A joy doth all the bleak world fill,  
For Thou to men hast brought good will,  
O Little Babe of Behtlehem!

With love for Thee our hearts inspire,  
O Little Babe of Bethlehem;  
To be Thine own our sole desire,  
O Little Babe of Bethlehem;  
And may Thy care and tenderness  
Upon our lives Thy grace impress  
That Thou may'st heart and soul possess,  
O Little Babe of Bethlehem!

"Fidelity" implies faithfulness to duty. You may earn a "Fidelity Button" if you will follow the rules printed in the LETTER BOX.

In a recent talk to children over the radio, Father Flanagan of Omaha spoke of the evils of lying, saying that all lies are bad, whether told for fun or in earnest. Lies told by business men, who think that they will gain thereby, are very wrong, and these men are using the worst possible method to draw trade. They are deceiving the public, and in the end they will lose instead of win.

Children who tell lies very soon form such a bad habit that none will trust them.

Always speak the truth.

### As Shepherds Watched

On the mountains of Judea

Where the Shepherds watched their flocks,  
They whispered low, and pondered,  
Seated on the rocks.

The angels in the Heavens,

In joyous chorus cry:  
"Glory in the highest, glory—  
To God, our Lord, on high."

For in the sky there did appear,

As man ne'er saw before,  
Bright stars and rays of light so clear,  
Illuming more and more.

So in distant Bethlehem,

Where lying in the straw  
Was the Heaven King in baby form,  
'Twas Him the shepherds saw.

And it was on this very night

Appeared the lonely star,  
Which all the holy Magi saw,  
And followed from afar.

And so to Bethlehem they went,

And found Him reigning there,  
The Savior Son of God on high,  
Our Lord beyond compare.

—Charles Carey, Kokomo, Indiana, Grade 8, 13 years of age, in *Indiana Catholic and Record*.

### The Christ Child

Over nineteen hundred years ago, in a cave in the heart of the hills of Bethlehem, Mary, the mother of God, "brought forth her first-born and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger."

The Word was made flesh and came to dwell amongst us. The heavens shone with glory and resounded with the song of angel choirs. A few shepherds to whom the Angel of the Lord had announced tidings of great joy, knelt in reverence to the Savior of mankind. Heaven and earth were united in the angelic message of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

To the Infant Christ, in the humility of the manger, the shepherds gave full possession of their hearts for they were the children of God. The little Child of Bethlehem had come to His own and His own gladly received Him. There was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem, but there was welcome, peace and adoration in the hearts of those who had been awaiting the fulfillment of the Words of the Prophet.

Pity, indeed, it were, if that welcome, peace and adoration were but for a day, and that Bethlehem should grow cold to the hearts of men. But the coming

of the Christ Child was not to be in vain. The Infant in swaddling clothes was to warm for all time the hearts of those who would but follow Him.

Down through the course of the centuries the host of shepherds multiplied, and each recurring Christmas found at the crib of Bethlehem the increasing homage of a joyful world. The love of Christ was to endure forever, for the gates of hell could not prevail against it. Man could not but surrender his heart to Him who was to bring redemption.

Satan and the powers of darkness waged a constant war, and though at times victory seemed about to set upon their banners, the "light that shone in the darkness" has blinded and scattered them.

In our own time the world has felt the shock of Satan's cohorts. For a time she seemed stunned—hatred, dissension and envy appeared about to crush her, but once again she is turning her face toward Bethlehem and is picking up and weaving the frayed threads of Christian charity and fraternal co-operation that once more she may put on the mantle of her Creator.

May the coming Christmas bring to humanity a lasting recognition of the only hope of salvation and a complete conversion to "The Way, the Truth and the Life."

On Christmas the Christ Child is leading, it is the day of incarnate love, the day that has made us brothers in Christ, the day which fills our hearts with the peace of heaven. That peace, and that peace alone, has left the impress of true happiness on the world throughout the long, long years. It will never fail to warm the hearts of the children of light and be to them an inspiration and a benediction.—Cardinal O'Connell.

### Lambs of God

(An Old Legend)

The shepherds were gone when the lambs awoke,  
And the sheep were scattered afar;  
But over the plains of Bethlehem broke  
The light of a wonderful star.

The dear little lambs did not pause to crop  
The tender green herbage near by,  
But followed the path of the star to 'ards the top  
Of mountains that slept 'gainst the sky.

No trace they found of the shepherds there,  
And the air grew bitterly chill;  
But the road to the star shone rosily fair  
And they pressed on, fearing no ill.

But many were wounded by rock and thorn,  
So the angels, on coming back  
From Bethlehem's cave where the Babe was born,  
Found the blood drops red o'er their track.

They lifted the lambs in their loving arms  
And carried them up to the sky,  
Where, safe from the wolf and each beast that harms,  
'Mong the stars they forever lie.

There we love to watch them—so soft and white—  
When the shepherd winds are abroad.  
They seem only clouds unto mortal sight—  
But we know they're Lambs of God.

—Exchange.

### Christmas

Agnes V. Brown

Of all the festivals observed throughout the year that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations.

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There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that binds with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The church services at this season are tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith and the scenes that accompanied its announcement and slowly increase in fervor and pathos during Advent until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. It is a beautiful arrangement that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the time for the gathering together of family connections which the allurements of the world are ever striving to cast loose. It is a time for the children, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely apart, to reassemble about the family hearth there to grow young and loving again among the endearing memories of childhood.

There is something in the season of the year that adds a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great deal of enjoyment from nature, "the song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and cloudy magnificence. But in the depth of winter, when nature is despoiled of her beauteous apparel and wrapped in a shroud of sheeted snow, we turn to other sources of gratification. The dreary, desolate landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, make us turn to each other for enjoyment. It is then we feel the charm of each other's society and we are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for entertainment. No one can remain insensible to the general call of happiness prevalent at this period. Even the sojourner in foreign lands must feel the influence transmitted into his soul by the happy looks of those around him. For happiness is reflective, and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with pleasure is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of supreme and ever-shining benevolence. No one can turn away from dwelling on the felicity of his fellow beings and repine in loneliness when all around him breathes of happiness and love, but he wants the social and genial sympathies which constitute the charms of a merry Christmas.

### Three Masses on Christmas Day

On Christmas day each of the three Masses celebrated by the priest is different, yet each is a Christmas Mass. God, the Father, gives His Son to the world; this miracle is wrought by the Spirit of Love, and the whole earth renders to the Most Glorious Trinity the homage of a triple sacrifice. He, whose Nativity we commemorate on Christmas Day, is manifested by three births: He is born of the Blessed Virgin; He is born by His grace in the hearts of the Shepherds, who are the first fruits of Christianity; He is also born eternally in the bosom of His Father, amid the splendors of the saints.

The triple birth is honored with a triple sacrifice. The first Mass is celebrated in memory of the birth of Our Savior, according to the flesh; the second Mass is offered to honor the birth of Jesus, Son of God, and the Virgin Mary, in our souls by His grace; the third Mass commemorates the eternal birth of the Son in the bosom of the Father.—Exchange.

### Serving Mass

Theologians tell us that the more real the part you take in offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, the more largely you partake of its benefits, said Cardinal

Vaughan. They teach that the acolytes are especially favored in this respect. To serve Mass is the nearest approach one who is not a priest can make to celebrating it.

You can gain more merit and grace by serving Mass with faith and devotion than by merely hearing it.

He who serves Mass kneels and moves among the angels. The angels look upon him with a kind of holy jealousy. He discharges an office in fact which they discharge only in desire. They associate him with themselves, for he has become a ministering spirit in the flesh to the King of kings and Lord of lords, to Jesus Christ, the Man-God.—*Cath. Sentinel.*

### The Christ Candle

Little taper, set tonight,  
Throw afar thy tiny light  
Up and down the darksome street,  
Guide the tender, wandering feet  
Of the darling Christ Child sweet.

He is coming in the snow,  
As He came so long ago,  
When the stars set o'er the hill,  
When the town is dark and still,  
Comes to do the Father's will.

Little taper, spread thy ray,  
Make His pathway light as day;  
Let some door be open wide  
For this Guest of Christmastide,  
Dearer than all else beside.

Little Christ Child come to me,  
Let my heart thy shelter be;  
Such a home thou wilt not scorn,  
So the bells on Christmas morn,  
Glad shall ring, "Christ is born!"

—Kate Louise Brown.

### Letter Box

(Communications for the LETTER BOX should be addressed to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Those who wish to win a "Fidelity Button" should observe the following rules:

Write legibly with pen and ink (or on typewriter) on one side only of paper.

Leave a margin of one inch at left edge of paper, and one-half inch at right edge.

Sign name and grade at right of paper, and age at left.

Letter must contain at least 300 words—and more if writer wishes.

Correct English must be used.

There must be no misspelled words.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Although I have read with interest the letters of the Cornerites for the past year, the thought of writing did not occur to me until the present.

Now, to introduce myself. I am thirteen years old, and go to a public school. I have lived in St. Louis all my life. I think Josephine Hafner's idea is a splendid one. If I could wear one, I would think I was the Queen of Rumania. Tell the Cornerites I would like to hear from each and every one.

Please admit me to the "Corner." I think I have written enough for my first letter. Also I hope this letter does not make friends with the wastebasket.

I remain a hope-to-be Cornerite, Elenor Mueller, 1421 Monroe St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

"The Grail," having been given to me by a friend, was found to be exceedingly interesting and also helpful. This delightful magazine was read by all my family. The smiles and riddles in the "Children's Corner" were quite amusing. I decided almost at once to try to become a member of the Corner.

I am fourteen years of age and a first year pupil in Cathedral High School, taught by the Sisters of Charity. This summer I went to Spring Valley and Blauvelt and Nanuet. In Nanuet there is a convent for poor children whose parents cannot afford to send them away. Here there are spacious grounds for the children to play on and also enjoy the fresh air of the country.

I would like to become a "Cornerite" and maybe some boys and girls would like to correspond with me. I would gladly answer all letters.

Hoping my letter will be printed and also that I may hear from some "Cornerites," I am, Your new niece, Mary O'Halloran, 531 E. 167 St., Bronx, N. Y. C., N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have been reading letters in the Grail and take great interest in them.

I am twelve years old and I am in the 7th Grade. I go to the Sacred Heart School and Church. The school is taught by the Benedictine Sisters.

I think that Loretta Evans' idea of a League is very interesting.

I would like to help you erect a school in honor of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin and to help the souls of the little ones and I know all the members of the Corner would like to help too.

I think I have given enough of my opinion.

Please publish this letter. I wish the other members would also write to me.

Catherine Mae McMahan, 145 N. Water St., Sharon, Pa.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

After seeing my first letter in print I thought I'd write again. At the time my last letter was written I was fifteen years old but I've had a birthday since then, so at present I'm sixteen years of age.

I love to write letters and have quite a few "Grail" correspondents, all of whom are very nice. Today I received a letter from Erma Takach, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and she informs me that she is anxious to become a "Cornerite," but doesn't know what she has to do to become one.

I would like to hear from some "Cornerites" between the ages of fourteen and seventeen and I promise to answer all the letters I receive.

Before closing I wish to say that I too approve of Josephine Hafner's plan about pins for the "Cornerites." I'm sure all the boys and girls would be proud to wear them, for I know I should. Don't get shiftless with the "pen," boys and girls.

Marie Durning, 43 Marne St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

I have long desired to be one of your nieces, as well as a "Cornerite." I have never had the courage to write, as I considered myself too old to join, being nineteen years old. After reading the October issue of the "Grail" (I really mean the "Letter-Box," as that is the first thing I look at when the magazine arrives) I saw a letter from Thomas Moran, twenty-four years old. I thought if he was admitted, surely I would be. I hereby desire to thank the young man for being the indirect means of giving me the courage to do this.

If this letter escape the eagle eye of the wastebasket, then let it be known that I would enjoy hearing from any Cornerite living on a ranch or a farm. Of course, I

will certainly welcome any other Cornerite's letter, especially one from those mysterious but charming people in Australia.

I will not divulge my occupation, until I am more firmly established, if at all.

I will close hoping to be, your good little niece,  
Amelda Keller, 1831 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I would like to join the "Corner." I am fourteen years old and attend public school. I am in the sixth grade. I was a very weak girl. I had the influenza long ago and heart trouble. I am the youngest of the family.

Aunt Agnes, this is the first time I ever wrote to you. I have two married sisters and a single brother. My brother and I are the only ones. He is 24 years old. My married sister has taken the Grail for two years. I now close my letter. I hope I'm admitted to the "corner." I will answer any letter from any of the cornerites.

Your new niece, Emily Drosi, 18 Race St., Nutley, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus in Summer

Whilst you are wading in stream or pool,  
Ducking and diving in waters cool,  
Old Santa's sharp'ning up every tool  
To fashion some toys for you.  
And this is the song, he'll hum, hum hum;  
"I'll make a trumpet and drum, drum, drum.  
Then they can have the jolliest noise,  
I love to be working for good little boys!"

While you are enjoying the scented breeze,  
Swinging in hammocks 'neath leafy trees,  
Old Mrs. Santa, with greatest care  
Will dress up some dolls for you.  
The song, she will sing is, "Stitch, stitch, stich.  
Which is the prettiest—which, which, which.  
Black eyes or blue eyes, frizzes or curls?  
I love to be sewing for little girls!"

The reindeer, browsing 'mid Arctic snows,  
Searching for moss with an eager nose,  
Are getting ready to pull, pull, pull,  
Old Santa's pack, when it is full, full, full,  
Over the snow with dolls and with toys,  
For good little girls and good little boys.

—Exchange.

### Exchange Smiles

James: "My dad is an Elk, a Lion, a Moose, and an Eagle."

Bob: "Gee! What does it cost to see him?"

Grandmother: "Were you a good girl at church today, Emily?" asked grandmother when the little girl returned from church where she had been for the first time.

Emily: "Yes, Grandma. A man even offered me a plate full of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"

Thomas: "Mother, is everybody in this country 100 per cent American?"

Mother: "Why, no, of course not. Somebody has to do the work."

Eddie: "Do you understand French?"

Betty: "A little. Do you?"

Eddie: "Oh, yes. I understand it well, because when mother and father talk French I know I am going to get a dose of medicine."

## Seven Dolors Indian Mission School

In the two latest numbers of **THE GRAIL** (October and November) we told the readers of the CORNER of the distress under which Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., is laboring at Fort Totten, North Dakota. Not only is he burdened with a mission field that is really too large for one missionary, but he will also soon be deprived of the assistance of the good Sisters, who teach his school, unless generous Catholics come to his aid and help him to build a Catholic school.

Up to the present time, despite a ruling that was made some years ago forbidding the religious habit or garb in its schools, the Sisters have been permitted to teach in the Government school at Fort Totten. The exception made in this case was that these Sisters might remain as long as they were able to teach, but they may not be replaced by others. Therefore, unless he can put up a Catholic school, Father Ambrose will soon be without religious teachers for his little "bronzed angels." The need is urgent. For this reason he is appealing to the faithful throughout the United States to help him to carry on God's work among his beloved Sioux children.

### A DESERVING MISSIONARY

Father Ambrose is a very deserving missionary. His whole priestly life has been consecrated to the service of the Indians. More than this, he was ordained to the priesthood at the Indian mission of Stephan, South Dakota, on June 17, 1889, a little more than thirty-seven years ago, by the Indian missionary Bishop, Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, O. S. B. Bishop Marty was the first Abbot of St. Meinrad Abbey, which is the home of **THE GRAIL**.

### CORNERITES WILLING WORKERS

It would surely be wrong to let Father Ambrose's cry of distress go unheard and unheeded. We know that our "Cornerites" are interested in the spiritual welfare of their little Indian cousins out on the big prairies, therefore we have asked them to lend a willing hand. They are willing workers, too. When it is impossible for a few to lift a heavy weight by themselves, it becomes very easy where hundreds lift together, and scarcely anyone feels the weight. If each of the "Cornerites" would gather a band of ten at ten cents each, what a mighty lift that would be. It would not only raise the walls of a new mission school house, but it would put on the roof, too.

We are now in Advent, and Christmas is not far off. How about an Advent self-denial fund? Have you thought about it? You all want to prepare well for Christmas. During Advent practice some mortifications besides overcoming the will when it is inclined to be stubborn. You might stay away from the movies in this season of penance and put the price of admission into your self-de-

nial fund. Then one might abstain from candy, or other sweets that can be bought. This money might also be laid aside for the Seven Dolors Indian Mission School. You may say, "Oh! it's only a nickel. That isn't worth anything." You're mistaken. Even if it were only a penny, it would be worth saving, for 100 pennies make a dollar. Remember that many small gifts, when put together, make very large sums. Don't forget that

"Little drops of water and little grains of sand  
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land."

### MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Have you thought about forming a circle or band or company of "Grail Crusaders" to fight, not *against*, but *for*, the Indians? A company of ten at ten cents each would be a dollar. (A company of twenty at five cents each would also be a dollar.) Do you not think that the Christ Child would be pleased to have you do this work of mercy? Do it in His name. Help Him to save these little children for whom He shed His Precious Blood on Mt. Calvary. The mission at Fort Totten is named after the Seven Sorrows of His Blessed Mother. Can't you change these sorrows into joys by your contributions and prayers for the success of the work? If you will send the money, together with a list of the contributors, to Father Benedict, O. S. B., the editor of **THE GRAIL**, St. Meinrad, Indiana, they will be published each month in the CORNER. Begin right now before the holidays and see how many bands or companies you can organize before Christmas, how many before the end of school. Cornerites, we want the glory of helping to build this school. Let's all boost together.—May the Divine Christ Child fill you all with the spirit of peace and charity! Merry Christmas!

In his very interesting eight-page monthly, "The Little Bronzed Angel," which is published at Marty, S. D., Father Sylvester informs his readers how they can easily help him to satisfy the simple needs of the Indians at the St. Paul Mission School: "It is a great help to the Mission to receive packages or boxes of used clothing. Practically anything can be used, if it is worth the transportation charges. Sister John selects

first of all what may be of use for the school children. The balance is distributed among the poor Indian families of the reservation, or is sold and the proceeds are used to buy food for the Indian children in school."

### Mite Boxes

Those of the Cornerites who would like to have mite boxes in which to save up their pennies and other spare change so as to help build at Fort Totten, North Dakota, the Seven Dolors Indian Mission School may get them by writing to Rev. F. Benedict, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE A LA SIOUX

The bean box is full of "choke cherries," (wild cherries), which Grandma Zuzeca (Snake) is crushing, pits and all, between two stones. Jerked beef, cut fine, will then be mixed with the cherries. Over this she will then pour pork drippings. This is Wasna.

## Ashes of Love

MYRTLE CONGER

He set fire to her Christmas presents;—  
Burned them one by one, by hand;  
All just because she had given him—  
A box of his favorite brand!

## Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

### An Educational Movement

THE Catholic Students Mission Crusade, as all other worthy movements, at times meets opposition. Such opposition is very often founded upon misunderstanding of the nature of the Crusade—of the work which it strives to accomplish. The Mission Crusade is primarily an educational movement. The activity which it especially promotes is Mission Study. Its main purpose is to give American Catholic Students a knowledge of the home and foreign mission fields, their extent, history, status, needs, etc. The hope is that from such knowledge will spring zeal for souls and desire to aid the missions by prayers and material contributions all through life. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade officials have constantly insisted that the educational policy of the Crusade by clearly recognized and faithfully adhered to. Hence the central headquarters are ever on the alert to find new ways of interesting our students in serious study of the mission lands. The Round Table Study Circles are the outstanding achievement in this regard.

A Round Table is formed by from six to twelve crusaders who elect a Chief and a Scribe, and select a particular mission field for study. A small mission treatise, one of the Paladin Series published by the Crusade Executive Board, is followed as a text book and reference guide for collateral research. In a series of ten meetings the Round Tablers cover the particular field seriously and systematically. Each member of the Circle then makes an achievement, in the form of a lecture, public speech, essay, etc., in some way related to the field studied, and he is then eligible for enrollment as a Knight Paladin.

This is now the leading form of Crusade activity, and it is meeting with remarkable success. Last year St. Meinrad Seminary Unit conducted five Round Tables among its members, and this year a total of eighty-one Crusaders have formed seven such study circles. The work, genuine study and sincere mission endeavor, is proceeding enthusiastically.

To summarize, the Crusade is primarily an educational movement to promote mission study; a review of the utterances of its leaders and a survey of activities fostered by Crusade headquarters confirm this fact. The outstanding plan of mission study so far inaugurated, that of Round Table Circles, is meeting with quite satisfactory success, and is perhaps nowhere functioning

better than in the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit. If educators and Catholics at large realize the true character of the Mission Crusade and of the activity it fosters among Catholic students, they cannot but give the movement their approval and encouragement.

## A Little Picture with a Big Story

ELIZABETH COLE

"But is the old, old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good gray old head and beard left? I will have that, seeing that I cannot have more of him." —*Hue and Cry after Christmas*.

What pleasant old customs people used to have at Christmas! Washington Irving's Christmas stories in the *Sketch Book* breathe the spirit of the good old-fashioned Christmas. Who has not lamented with him because society has taken a shallower more sophisticated tone and cannot enter so whole-heartedly into the simple good fellowship of those former holiday seasons? Then the joy of a merry Christmas meant the joining of peer and peasant in celebrating together the Savior's birth. The yule log, the holly and the mistletoe, the games, the country dance, the flowing wassail bowl, the groaning Christmas dinner table, the simple church service, the Christmas carol singers and, above all, the simple sociability of rich and poor alike, all contributed to the charm of Christmas in the "good old days."

Now our holiday season is made up of hurrying about from shop to shop to make purchases for friends and family, worry lest Aunt Mary's gift, more costly than Cousin Anne's, will cause dissatisfaction, the Christmas tree, hurriedly decorated, and in general an agitated feeling of excitement. There is little peace at Christmas in this dashing generation.

Yet that is what Christmas really stands for—"Peace on earth to men of good will!" "At Christmas be merry and thankful withal. And feast thy poor neighbors, the great and the small," sang the Christmas wafts outside the windows in former days. In groups of three they used to go from house to house playing and singing to the townspeople. Then as their music died away in the distance the listener would drop peacefully off to sleep with the sweet Christmas music lingering in the air.

In memory of that pleasant custom, the 1926 Christmas seal depicts three medieval Christmas carolers. They call to mind the former days and symbolize the true Christmas spirit that unites rich and poor at this season of good will. At the same time they serve as messengers of health.

The National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated state and local associations, whose work is supported by the funds from these penny stickers, would remind everybody that the old, old Christmas is not gone. The true Christmas peace and happiness which can come only when the world is rid of sickness, is in the heart of everyone who decorates his Christmas mail with the three gay health singers.

## Abbey and Seminary

—October is usually a pleasant autumn month, the first month with frosts. This year, however, it threatened to pass us by without even the semblance of a frost. On the 25th we beheld a few snowflakes tumbling through the air. Then, finally, in the early morn of October 27 came the senescent year with beard of gray. Suddenly the foliage of the forest took on a golden yellow, or assumed crimson and purple hues, then began to descend from leafy boughs to weave dainty coverlets for Mother Earth before the approach of cold Winter. "Elephant Ears" and other species of plant life, wilting before the grim specter, now lie cuddled up in heaps to dream of glories past. At this time of the year all Nature seems to conspire to fill man with sober thoughts: the things of earth are perishable and transitory. Spring and Summer teem with young life and vigor; Autumn fills the granaries with the fruits of the Earth's bringing forth.—Then comes gloomy November, every day of which is a silent monitor of the autumn of life, which for many of us may be near at hand.

—State Highway 16 has now lost its identity, for it has been swallowed up by the National Highway system that intersects the country from East to West. It is henceforth to be known as No. 62. State Highway 18, running North and South through Dale, now No. 45, has suffered a similar fate. After all, it matters not what the name or the number so long as we have the roads.—Work on the highway from Ferdinand to No. 62 is in progress.

—Father Abbot left us in mid-October to attend the triennial chapter of the Abbots of the Swiss-American Congregation, which met at St. Joseph Abbey, St. Benedict, Louisiana.

—The Forty Hours Devotion was held in the Abbey Church on Oct. 15, 16, and 17. Adoration continued throughout the two nights with the priests, clerics, and brothers of the community, together with the seminarians, keeping vigil hour by hour. The liturgical singing was greatly enhanced by the rich voices, both the young and the matured, of the St. Gregory Chancel Choir.—A number of pastors took advantage of this opportunity and got help from St. Meinrad for Eucharistic triduums in their own parishes. F. Dominic went to Sacred Heart, Vincennes; Fr. Eberhard and F. Placidus to Ferdinand; F. Paul and F. Meinrad to St. Wendel; F. Anselm to St. Mary's Church, Washington; F. Edward and F. Hilary to Huntingburg; F. Ignatius to Bloomington; F. Lambert to St. Mary's, Evansville; F. Peter to Siberia.

—Owing to the fact that we haven't enough lay brothers for our needs, the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Beuron has sent us help in the person of Bro. Kasper, O. S. B., an expert agriculturist, who arrived at the Abbey on October 18.

—Vocations to our community are not so plentiful as we could hope. It is desirable that many more bright boys and young men of good moral character, who feel that they may have a call to the religious state, ap-

ply to our community for admission. Those who cannot decide for themselves should come and find out. God may be calling them to serve Him in the Order of St. Benedict. We need young men who can be trained to teach in the seminary or to do missionary work. Then, there are the Indian missions which are calling, yes, almost shouting, for help—for priests to save souls. Besides this, there is also a great shortage of lay brothers, those members of the community who take care of the domestic affairs so that the priests may attend exclusively to the duties of the sacred ministry. In this way, without teaching in the classroom, the lay brothers have a share in the education of young men for the priesthood; they have a share, too, in the work of the salvation of souls without having any of the responsibility of the priesthood. Theirs is a hidden life in Christ, a holy life.

—Sisters Adelgundis and Cornelia, O. S. B., of the printing department at the Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri, spent a few days at St. Meinrad early in October. Two splendid religious magazines, *Tabernacle* and *Purgatory*, in English and in German, emanate monthly from their press. Besides this, they print a great variety of excellent religious booklets. Up to the present all their type has been set by hand. As they are thinking of installing an Intertype Setting Machine, they came to see one in operation.

—Fr. Victor mourns the death of his twelve-year-old sister, Virginia Dux, who died at her home in Indianapolis on Oct. 23. As Virginia was the only daughter of the family, the loss is felt the more keenly. R. I. P.

—Rev. Lawrence Schoeppner, since his ordination chaplain at Mercy Hospital, Fort Dodge, Iowa, has been appointed assistant at St. Joseph Church, Sioux City.

—It was an extremely sad death that Rev. John Joseph McCool, pastor at Cascade, Idaho, met in an automobile accident early in October. While he was on a sick call, his automobile swerved from the road and plunged down from an eighty-foot grade near Boise. The body was not recovered until the following morning when it was found pinned under the wreckage. The funeral took place at Indianapolis. Father McCool was an alumnus of St. Meinrad College. R. I. P.

—Since the completion of Highway 62 (formerly State Highway 16) east of St. Meinrad to New Albany—a distance of seventy miles—the route from Indianapolis has been shortened by nearly twenty miles. The new highway goes due south from Paoli through English until it intersects No. 62 at a point seven miles east of St. Croix. From the intersection west to St. Meinrad it is twenty-two miles, or a total distance of 148.6 miles from Indianapolis, (Meridian and Washington Streets). The other route, from Paoli via West Baden, Jasper, and Dale, is 165.1 miles. These figures are from the State road map. If they don't tally with the mileage that your car registers, well, that's another matter.

—In the November number of THE GRAIL we chronicled the serious illness of Mr. Peter Kunkel, of Carlyle, Illinois. On October 29 the Angel of Death brought him relief from the trials of life. Three of

Mr. Kunkel's sons have consecrated themselves to the priesthood and one daughter is a member of the Benedictine community at Ferdinand. Rev. Bernard Kunkel is a priest of the Belleville diocese; Rev. Paul Kunkel, in deacon's orders, will be ordained for the same diocese in the course of a few months; Rev. Gregory Kunkel, O. S. B., is a priest in our community. A solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Seminary Chapel on the morning after the death. Rev. Paul Kunkel served as deacon of the Mass. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family. R. I. P.

—Father Abbot celebrated in the Abbey Church the first Pontifical High Mass of the present school year on All Saints Day. He had returned from Louisiana on the day previous.

—The customary procession to the cemetery took place on November 1st after the Vespers for the Dead. The cloud-covered sky, the strong wind that had arisen, and the rustling and scurrying of falling leaves all formed an appropriate setting for the occasion.

—All Souls Day opened with a glorious, sunshiny, quiet autumn morning. "In peace in the self same," sang the Psalmist, "I will sleep, and I will rest."

—All Souls Day, which this year coincided with election day, was a day of much anxiety for a great number of politicians, the majority of whom were, of course, doomed to disappointment.

—On Saturday, November 6th, Father Abbot celebrated a Pontifical Requiem High Mass for the repose of the souls of deceased members of the community, of deceased relatives and benefactors.

—The students of the College have been using their gymnasium to good advantage all fall. The basket ball and volley ball courts have been in constant use.

—On October 31st the Seminarians reproduced their excellent minstrel, Columbus and Queen Isabelle, to an appreciative audience.

—After Solemn High Mass on the feast of Christ Our King the litany of the Sacred Heart was recited and the Act of Consecration was read.

### Book Notices

Hoi-Ah! Andy Carroll's First Year at Holy Cross. By Irving T. McDonald. 12mo cloth. Net, \$1.25; Postage 10¢.

Hurrah for Andy! Fine, solid character. Would that boys would imitate him! This is a story everyone will enjoy. Whilst reading it he will find that he could improve in many things. Books of this sort will do good. Parents could find nothing better for Christmas or birthday present for their boys. A. B.

Mangled Hands—A story of the New York Martyrs. By Neil Boyton, S. J. Author of "Cobra Island," etc. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.25; Postage 10¢.

Everyone will read this story with interest as it treats of one of the holy martyrs, Bl. Isaac Jogues and Companions. Vividly the author describes the customs of the Indians in an unusual style. Little Spoon (Tarcisius) relates the story to us. The illustration is not quite in accord with the title. A. B.

A New Theory of Creation. By William Newton Benson. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. Price, \$1.50 Net.

Evolution without God is untenable. The author tries a new theory in conformity with a Creator. It is a very difficult task to grasp the theories of the evolutionists, and this is applicable in the present case. The author has no idea of a glorified body; he explains the promulgation of his theory an inspiration, an inspiration like so many other vague ideas. A. B.

A Sympathetic Medium. A Family Chronicle. By Robina Sharpe Tucker. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. Price, \$2.00 Net.

There is no plot around which the story is built up. It is nearly a chronicle of the Nickolson family, narrated in its natural sequence, not built up artificially, yet it makes a good and interesting story. The authoress might be classed among the pro-German of war time. A. B.

In getting out in paper cover a 25-cent edition of "Keep the Gate—Guarding the Soul Against Sin," by Rev. Joseph J. Williams, S. J., Benziger Brothers have placed within the reach of the many an excellent book for spiritual reading, suitable for missions and retreats. Historical incidents are woven into each chapter to impress more vividly upon the mind the lessons conveyed.

A practical "Guide for the Roman Missal," for the year 1927, prepared by Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., has just been published by the E. M. Lohmann Co., 385 St. Peter St., St. Paul, Minn. With the growth of the liturgical movement and a greater demand for the Roman Missal, so as to follow the priest at the altar, it is necessary that those who use the Missal have a suitable guide at hand for finding the various Masses. The calendar for each month of the year is given together with full directions for the Mass proper to each day. While the Guide may be used with any edition of the Roman Missal, the author had the "St. Andrew Daily Missal" in mind.

From the same firm comes a second edition of "Christmas Chimes," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. James C. Byrne. "Christmas Chimes" is a book of 83 pages that contains in twelve brief chapters thoughts on the mystery of the Incarnation—meditations and sermons for Advent and Christmas.

The Catholic Dramatic Company, of Brooten, Minn., under direction of Rev. M. Helfen, has just added to its rapidly increasing number of clean plays for the Catholic stage three others: "The Goddess Utopia," a play for mixed characters, in three acts, by Joseph P. Brentano, 50¢; "Gilded Youth," a comedy for mixed characters, in four acts, by Martin J. Heymans, 50¢; "Glimpses from American History," a pageant or patriotic play in five scenes, by Rev. Justus Schweizer, O. S. B., 45¢.

The twelfth edition of the "Passionist Manual," containing thoughts on the Passion together with instructions and devotions, which are intended as helps to continue the work of the missions, has been published by D. B. Hansen & Sons, 27 N. Franklin St., Chicago. This Manual, which is a complete prayer book of convenient size, has 320 pages. The prices range from 75¢ to \$3.00.

Selma. By Isabel Clarke. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$2.00. Benziger Brothers, publishers.—The reader will sympathize with Selma who suffers much in consequence of following her impulses. The story has a very pleasing ending. It cannot fail to exert a good moral influence. A. B.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## Christmas Carols

So crowded was the little town  
On the first Christmas Day,  
Tired Mary Mother laid her down  
To rest upon the hay.  
(Ah, would my door might have been thrown  
Wide open on her way!) —James S. Park.

## Fulfillment

If such is thy good wish, kind soul,  
And thou wouldst give Her ease,  
Go find a lonely heart, whose toll  
Grim Pain ne'er gives surcease!  
(Then bid it in, and give it dole  
Of warmth and love and peace!)

## The Home-Coming\*

"I Do hope we'll have snow for Christmas, don't you?" asked Marie Louise of her friend Geraldine as she slipped a fresh sheet of paper into her typewriter and carefully straightened it. Geraldine glanced at the laden sky, and then paused to erase a mistake.

"O yes, I guess so," she said listlessly. Her friend looked at her.

"Why, what's the matter? You don't seem to take interest in anything."

"Why should I? I'm not g

and it's going to be a pretty glum time for

"Not going home? Why?"  
"Oh—for reasons best known to myself."  
"Well, now that sounds bad. As for me, wild horses couldn't keep me from going home to dear old Tilden-ville. It warms me up from top to toe just to see all the old faces, the same old houses, the railroad station even, with its same old loungers—Tim Farley and old Abram Stubblerow and Josh Seesiter, who have met the trains for the last twenty years and will continue to do so until they are carried away to their graves on the hillside. And do you know, I stop in all the stores just to say hello, and everybody's so happy and friendly, and I drop in on the minister and his wife, and if the

\* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The serial, "Hidden Gold" was omitted this month to make room for a Christmas Story. The serial will, however, continue in the January number.

church is open, I slip in just to take a look around at the familiar old pews and the desk with the great old Bible and the same squeaky old organ—oh, it is all so dear, I wouldn't exchange it for a million dollars." Geraldine sat silent, gazing unseeing at her notebook with its shorthand hieroglyphics, and she was very near to tears. For she was feeling the same sentiments which Marie Louise had voiced, and the pain was so poignant, she hardly dared trust herself to speak. Marie Louise looked at her.

"Well, I wouldn't take it so hard, old kid; maybe next year things will be different, and you can make the trip." But Geraldine shook her head.

"No, I don't think I'll ever make it. Not unless things change at home anyway. You see, you don't understand. I've never told anyone about my trouble before. I've been working in the city for nearly five years now, and in all that time I've never been home." Marie Louise was surprised. "Does that seem strange to you?" continued her friend. "Well, it was like this. You see, my father died, and Mother married a second time. She is a Catholic, and so am I, but my stepfather is a Protestant. He is one of these overbearing, domineering men—some women fall for that kind, you know—cave men, and all that bunk. Well, he made no objection to our continuing as Catholics, only, when I became of age, he wanted me to marry a certain rich farmer, a widower—he was at least forty-five, and a Protestant too. This farmer was going to help my stepfather lift the mortgage off his farm if I married him, but of course, I wasn't willing. He was too old, and besides, I was determined I would never marry outside the Church. Well, to make a long story short, my stepfather became so enraged at my stubbornness, that he chased me out of his house, and I came to the city. With some money that mother secretly gave me, I took a commercial course, and here I am, key-punching for a living." Marie Louise shook her head sympathetically.

"Pretty tough, I'll say. Really, it would be too bad to let you here all alone while I am having a good time. Why not come home with me?" Geraldine was visibly touched. She took Marie Louise's hand.

"Oh, you are too good, and I certainly do thank you. But I can't believe I could bear it. The very sight of your happiness in the midst of your family would be more than I could stand. No! I'll buy my Christmas dinner here at the Dutch Kitchen, and spend the afternoon in church."

"Well, now, you shouldn't look at it that way. I'd

introduce you to a jolly lot of young people, and we'd see that you forgot all your troubles. Glory, but we *certainly* do have some good times out in the country around Christmas time. Won't you change your mind? I'd love to have you."

"Well, to please you, I'll think about it."

"That's good, and I hope you'll decide to come. I'll tell you what we do every year. You see, my family live in town. Daddy has a hardware store on Main Street. He sold our farm years ago because he can make more money dealing in farm implements. But Grandma and Grandpa still have their big farm, and it is there we always go for Christmas Eve and stay over night for Christmas Day. Their house is a mile out of town—only a short run by motor. The day before, Grandpa and Daddy and my brothers go out into the woods and pick out a big hemlock or balsam tree, chop it down and bring it home. If I'm home in time, I generally go out in the afternoon and help trim it. Oh, it's glorious! The house is full of good smells, and Grandma is up to her ears in cookies and mince pies and plum pudding. She has a woman come in and help with the cooking, for it's a tremendous job. Next day there's a grand reunion, and all the distant relatives come in, and we sing and dance and roast apples and listen to old stories by Grandpa and my uncles. Someone plays the melodeon and we sing Christmas hymns for awhile, and when we tire of that, someone else starts the player piano, and we lift up the rug and roll it into a corner and have old-fashioned quadrilles and waltzes and two-steps. Then there are parties every night in the week, all the way up to New Year's. Every night we meet at some other neighbor's house, and on New Year's Eve there is a grand dance at the town hall. At midnight everybody blows horns and rings cowbells, and the church bells and town-hall bell and fire bells all begin to ring—oh Geraldine, I simply think I'll burst! I can't wait until the time comes!"

"It sounds like home to me. It makes me homesick just to hear you; but if I went with you, I'd be more homesick than ever."

"There now! I thought you promised to think about it?" Geraldine smiled wanly, as she arranged the letters in her basket.

"I will." And the discussion was ended for that time by the ringing of the buzzer, calling Marie Louise to her employer's private office for dictation. Meanwhile, Geraldine strove by dint of hard work and concentration to forget the ache at her heart. Instead of getting used to the separation from her home folks, it seemed the wound was getting wider and deeper. If she could only have a half hour with her mother and sisters, how much good it would do her! True, she received letters regularly from them, and she often sent them money and little gifts, but what was a year of letters compared to five minutes face to face?

At noon Marie Louise came out of the private office with her notebook well stocked for the afternoon, and seeing Geraldine putting on her hat and coat, preparatory to going out for lunch, called to her to wait.

"I start buying my presents today for the home folks.

Come with me and help me to select them. It is sometimes a problem what to buy, and maybe you can give me some suggestions."

So the two went to lunch together, and then, hastening over to the shops, spent a breathless half hour looking over scarfs and books and cigar cases and fancy plates and gloves and hand bags, and before they knew it, the clock pointed to five minutes of one, and they hadn't bought a thing, and they must be back at their desks at one!

"Oh, well," said Marie Louise, "that is only a starter. After we line up the different articles, we can begin to decide for whom to select them."

"I suppose I will have to buy a few things too," said Geraldine. "Do you know, every year I send my step-father a present, just to show that I don't feel any ill will, but he has never sent me one word of thanks."

"Oh well," soothed Marie Louise, "kindness is never lost. That is the way I feel about it. Some day, perhaps, he will realize what he has done, and you will come home with flying colors."

"I sincerely hope so," sighed Geraldine, "but it seems impossible."

The days flew on apace, and the two girls, becoming very good friends, went out every day together to lunch and buy presents. Marie Louise's list was extensive for she had many friends whom she wished to remember besides her relatives.

"You know, it isn't just a promiscuous giving of presents with them. They usually all make me some sort of handwork, and I feel that they weave a lot of love with every stitch. And how they do appreciate what I give them! A long time ago I gave one girl a red glass perfume bottle, inlaid with silver, and do you know, my sister wrote me just recently that she has it packed carefully away in cotton and tissue paper in a box, and is saving it for her future home when she marries! And it was just an inexpensive thing."

"Well, one appreciates having friends like that."

"Yes, and they are all like that. I could tell you of a dozen more who do the same thing. I tell you, when I marry, I mean to marry a home-town boy and settle right down there where friends are real friends and folks care what becomes of you."

"Then, Marie Louise, what are you doing in a musty old office in a cold-hearted big city?"

"Well—ah, you see—" and Marie Louise blushed. "Harry is at the Agricultural College, learning all about cattle and hog raising and scientific planting, and I am—ah, sort of saving up, you know—" Geraldine laughed outright and poked her friend in the ribs.

"Aha! To buy furnishings with, you mean. Finish it, why don't you? Well, who would have thought it of our quiet little Marie Louise? Engaged and everything, and never letting out a syllable!" Marie Louise blushed more deeply than ever.

"Oh well, we haven't announced it or anything, you know. It is just an understanding between the two of us, and we haven't told a soul, although I suppose our friends suspect as much. Harry has two more years to go, so there's nothing to get excited about, and you

won't have to worry about the wedding present yet for awhile. Besides, that gives me just that much longer to save."

"You lucky girl you! Somebody to care, and somewhere to go at Christmas time, and a crowd of friends waiting with wide-open arms to grab you; you must have always been an awful good little girl at home for God to bless you like that. As for me, I am always trying to figure out what kind of badness there is in me that I am being punished for." And again Geraldine was perilously close to tears. But her friend would have none of it.

"Badness! Will you keep still? Of course, I don't know you long, but I know you long enough to know that you are not capable of any kind of badness, so there! And don't get the idea of punishment into your head. You are only being tried to see if you are solid gold. Be brave, and don't fail God when He comes looking into the crucible for the pure molten metal. Now you watch; one of these days your dark grey clouds are going to turn upside down, and the lining won't be of tin either. Now there I go, preaching again. Whenever I begin to preach, stop me. It's a crazy habit I have."

"I'll not do any such thing," replied Geraldine. "I wish you'd preach some more. Your words seem to encourage me a lot. Do you really think things will change some day?"

"I'm positive of it. Things always do. They never stay upside down. The law of gravity makes everything come eventually right side up. By the way, have you decided to come with me? There are only two more days left. I leave Thursday evening on the 7:55. How about it?" Geraldine hesitated a long time before she answered.

"I've been thrashing it out all these days, up, down, and crossways, and—please don't think I'm ungrateful, but I don't believe I will go with you. I couldn't bear it. I don't want to be a wet blanket or a wall flower, and I am afraid I might be one of the two if I did go."

"Pshaw! Won't you reconsider it?" But Geraldine shook her head.

"No, dear. Words cannot express how I thank you—perhaps some other time." So it was settled, and no remonstrance of Marie Louise's could change her friend. So they exchanged presents, and Marie Louise left on her 7:55 train, and Geraldine, hating to go to her lonely room, decided to remain downtown and take in a show. Having had her supper, she walked leisurely down the streets of the shopping district, pausing now and then to gaze into a brightly decorated window, and trying vainly to forget the heavy load at her heart.

"Well! What do you think you're doing here?" suddenly asked a deep masculine voice behind her. Started, she turned—and beheld Ralph Stanard, of South Heminway, her own town!

"Well," she replied, smiling, "I might ask the same of you. I work here, as you probably know, but I didn't know that you do."

"I don't. I'm only here on a shopping expedition—buying a lot of things for Ma and Betty and Jane—

list about a mile long, and then—my main reason is to pick out the best electric washer on the market for mother. I've determined that she has had her last session with the washboard."

"That's lovely. What's everybody doing at home? I'm just about dying to see them all."

"Oh, everybody's fine. But what's the matter with coming home this year? Haven't you thought about it, or can't you get off?"

"Oh, I suppose I could get off all right, but—you know how matters stand. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to come home again." Ralph felt very sorry for her. The story of her stepfather's treatment of her was an open secret in South Heminway.

"Ah, say now, that will never do. You must be nearly dead of loneliness here all by yourself. Do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to take you home with me. You can stay at our house. Mother and the girls will be tickled to death to have you. They often spoke of it. We'll spring a surprise on them. What say? And then we can invite your mother and sisters over during your stay, and you can see everybody. How's that for a nifty plan?" The tears stood in Geraldine's eyes.

"It is too kind of you, Ralph, but really, I would be a lot of trouble for your mother, and I don't want to make her any more work. I—"

"See here!" he continued imperiously taking her hand and pressing it. "I haven't forgotten what you promised me at that Hallowe'en party five years ago. You thought it was only in fun, but I've had you in my mind ever since. I was only waiting until I had a good enough start in business before I asked you seriously to be my bright, particular friend. I'm asking you now. Well, how about it?" His tall, handsome figure, and the air of warm protectiveness he radiated, quite broke down what was left of Geraldine's self-control. She burst into tears, and for a few moments was unable to speak.

"Well?" he asked again, smiling indulgently down upon her. For answer, she merely looked up at him and nodded, breaking into smiles through her tears.

"You must excuse me," she said at last. "I've been lonely so long, and I've fought against my tears so often, that there were quite a lot of them stored up in there, and they just had to come out. But, to think of you turning up like this! It seems incredible!"

"Just plain Providence," he replied confidently, taking her arm in a proprietary manner. "Come, let us walk. Where were you going?"

"Oh, I had thought to while away the tiresome evening at a picture show, but now—I'd just as lief walk and talk."

"Perhaps you would like to see Ben Hur at the Crescent Theater? I was just going down there myself when I ran into you."

"Oh yes, I'd enjoy that. I saw it once at home. You remember the time the Bellevue Strolling Players presented it at the Town Hall?" Ralph laughed.

"Yes, I certainly do. I was a kid of sixteen then, and thought I was just about it because they let me pull

rem  
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the curtain up and down. Remember how a board on the improvised stage broke through, and Ben Hur almost broke his leg?" Both laughed heartily.

"Yes, and the show was stopped for ten minutes until Mr. Humperdinck, the carpenter, was able to fix it. 'Them was the days,' as the saying goes."

"Certainly were. But we had some wonderful times, didn't we?"

"So wonderful that it will seem like Heaven if I ever get back there."

"Well, you *are* coming back with me now, aren't you? Please don't disappoint me."

"If you insist, I suppose I shall have to."

"I do insist. If you don't, I'll—I'll kidnap you!"

"Well, that's mighty nice of you, Lochinvar."

So they went to the Crescent, and afterwards had a tempting supper, for Geraldine, who had been scarcely able to swallow the steak she had ordered before meeting Ralph, now felt herself ravenously hungry. Happiness often has that effect. Two days later, on Christmas Eve, they boarded the morning train together, and arrived in South Heminway at one o'clock of the afternoon. No one knew of Geraldine's coming, neither Ralph's family, nor Geraldine's mother and sisters. They had decided to make everything a complete surprise. Imagine Mrs. Stanard's astonishment when Ralph came up the path with Geraldine in tow.

"Look, Mother, what I brought you for Christmas! I found her moping like the lost peri before a shop window, with her heart all shattered into tiny bits because she couldn't come home for Christmas. But I picked up every last piece and glued it together nice and tight, and here she is, come to spend the holidays with us. Aren't you glad, Mother?" With a swift rush, the two were in each other's arms.

"Does Mother know?" were Mrs. Stanard's words.

"No, it's a surprise. Since she can't go home, you must invite Mrs. Harford and the girls over here, so they can see each other."

"Oh surely! Surely! I'm so glad you found her Ralph. Where have you been all these Christmases, girl? Why it's a wonder you didn't die of the blues."

"I did, nearly," replied Geraldine, "but it's surprising how much a person can go through and still live."

"Yes, my child. No one knows that better than I do."

But in a town like South Heminway, a secret does not remain a secret for long. Mr. Harford, Geraldine's stepfather, came home at noon for lunch with news. He had heard it from one of his customers.

"What's this I hear about Geraldine being over at the Stanard's?" Mrs. Harford's eyes opened wide.

"Geraldine—here, in South Heminway?"

"Nick Saunders saw her get off the train with Ralph Stanard. Why don't she come home? What's she got to do over there?"

"Well, Daddy, you know as well as I the reason why."

"Shucks! She oughta know I wouldn't throw her out if she came home. She belongs here, and what's more, I'm going right over to get her."

"Daddy! Don't you go makin' any trouble now," warned his wife.

"Trouble nothin'. Come out here and see what she sent me fer Christmas. An electric grindstone. Ain't that some gal fer you? Gad, she's remembered me every Christmas and I ain't never said a word to her. How in Sam Hill did she know that electric grindstone was just what I been wantin' for months? Well, anyway, I'm goin' over 'n get her."

And Mrs. Harford, her eyes like stars, untied her apron, put on her coat and hastened to join him.

## Christmas Eve

The world is full of mysteries: everybody is going about weighted with secrets; the children's faces fairly shine with expectancy; there are hurried and whispered conferences hastily suspended at the sound of a familiar step on the stair; packages of every imaginable size and shape have been surreptitiously introduced into the house, and have immediately disappeared as if by magic; for several weeks past one room has been under lock and key, visited only when certain sharp-sighted eyes are turned in other directions.

Mother moves about sedately and with sealed lips, the common confidant of all the conspirators, and herself the greatest conspirator of all. Blessed is the season which engages the whole world in a conspiracy of love! After supper, (eaten with haste and an expectant hush), there is a breathless wait, then suddenly the doorbell rings, horns blow and queer noises proceed from the locked room. Then the door opens as if by magic, and lo! for the children it is a beatific vision: a tree ablaze with colored lights, laden with glittering balls and tinsel and angels and bright birds, and beneath—a mountain of mysterious packages, more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp could ever conjure up.

A wild shout, merry laughter, squeals of delight, a patter of feet, and then—little hearts fit to burst with joy as package after package finds its way into long-expectant arms. And father and mother standing beside, and a mist coming into their eyes, and—now it is their turn—surprise packages for each, a look of silent, grateful love exchanged between them, and then everybody sits down to the pleasant task of littering up the floor with red, green, gold and silver cord and reams of wrapping paper.

It is all over; the lights are out, the tree is alone in the dark room. The actors in the perennial drama are fast asleep with strange bedfellows from the spoils of the night hugged close in their arms. And father and mother sit down before the fire to reminisce a little while.

## That Christmas Box

On Christmas Eve most of us will be in our nice, warm homes, enjoying our presents around the sparkling balsam tree. But let us not forget that, out West, housed in poor frame buildings for the most part, with wild blizzards raging across the prairie, there are many, many, little Indian kiddies, who will perhaps not have any nice tree or presents, unless we, who have so much,

remember them and send them something. Who will volunteer to fill a box with some small, bright, inexpensive articles, such as dolls, purses, little mirrors, combs, mouth harps, marbles, handkerchiefs, bright beaded necklaces, tablets, pencils, etc., and send it off on its mission of love to cheer the hearts of these little ones of Christ, some of whom never knew what a doll was until they came to the Mission? Or fill the box with candy or cookies, or nuts and dates and figs. Or take that fire engine or toy dump truck, or those picture books your child no longer cares for, and send it. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., for addresses.

### Christmas Greetings

M. E. WATKINS

Over the world, with outspread wings,  
The Spirit of Christmas broods and sings  
Of happy, hopeful, peaceful things  
All for you and me.  
"Who is it smiles through Christmas morn—  
The Light of the wide creation?  
A dear little Child in a stable born,  
Whose love is the world's salvation.  
Charity, wide and deep and high,  
Love that reaches from earth to sky,  
Peace that close to the heart doth lie—  
All these gifts are free.  
He was poor on earth, but He gives us all  
That can make our life worth the living;  
And happy the Christmas day we call  
That is spent for His sake in giving.  
Then what do we care  
For the things that tear  
And rust and fade and break,  
He shows us the way to live;  
Like Him, let us love and give.  
For know not love will keep  
Till our last good sleep,  
And greet us when we awake.

### Christmas Hints

Gifts are made more valuable by loving thought and careful handwork put into them. A pretty workbox for Grandma may be made of a five-pound size candy box, with cover hinged on by pasting a strip of cloth at the back. Then cover box and lid with black sateen or taffeta, procure some cretonne, cut out design and paste on the black, (bird of paradise on a flowering branch is stunning). Line inside with pink sateen, and make ribbon loops in lid for thimble, scissors, etc. Conceal a small sachet bag beneath lining.

Take one of the round tube boxes from rolled oats or salt, glue lid on tight, and cut an opening, or door in the side, pasting a strip of cloth at the bend, so lid will not break off in time. Cover outside with pink figures cretonne, or flowered ribbon, and line inside with light green sateen. Attach narrow pink silk ribbon to each end, so the box can be hung at the side of the dresser and be used as a soiled handkerchief receiver.

Dainty powder puff cases may be made of odds and ends of silks and ribbons by making them envelope style with a snap fastener in the tip of flap. Use flowered silk on the outside and line with plain silk. Then tuck in one of the dainty colored velour powder puffs to match color of case.

An inexpensive dresser set is made by taking that old square of window pane down cellar, say 10 x 14, or thereabouts, and cutting some cardboard to extend an inch from edge of glass. Cover top surface of cardboard with flowered cardboard or silk, (blue and white is beautiful), bend edges up, and stitch corners solidly. Then run a line of glue around edge of glass, to secure to cardboard, and paste ribbon over corners to conceal stitching. Your tray is finished. Now cut down two salt containers to a three or four inch height, and cut the side edges off the lids. Cover these with the same material as the tray, and line with plain material. Then tack a pretty full ribbon rosette on the top of each lid, and you have powder box and jewel receiver.

### How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

Our pattern Book contains hundreds of styles—styles for morning, afternoon and evening, and nine picture dressmaking lessons. You just glance at the pictures and see how the styles are made. Nothing could be more simple. Any beginner can make an attractive dress with the help of these picture lessons. With this Book, you can save money on your own and your children's clothes. So it would be a good idea to send 10 cents now for your copy. Address THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2051—Attractive Apron. The pattern cuts in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2885—Two Styles of Sleeves. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 18-inch material for collar and 1½ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2887—Youthful Model. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

No. 2888—Plaids And Jabot. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 2893—Novel Vestee Arrangement. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2900—Two Styles of Sleeves. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 2884—For Conservative Wear. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2884—Surplice Closing. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2812—Slenderizing Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 2716—Frock With Slenderizing Lines. The pattern cuts in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with 1¼ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

No. 2636—Cunning Junior Frock. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Emb. No. 178 (blue or yellow) is 15¢ extra.

No. 2244—Comfortable Sleep-Ins. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2002—Bathrobe. The pattern cuts in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

